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MELODIES

FOR THE

LITTLE ONES AT HOME

BY

MISS BEULAH J. WILSON.

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BY WILLIAM WILSON,
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DEDICATED ESPECIALLY TO

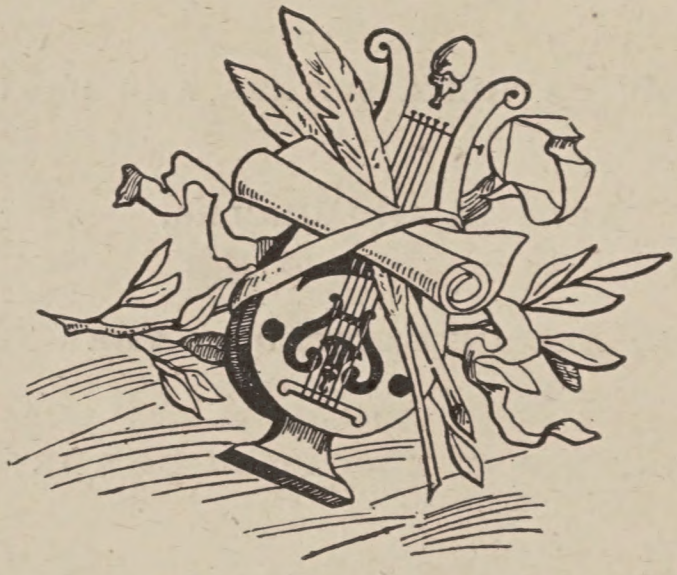
MOTHERS AND FATHERS, SISTERS AND BROTHERS,

AUNTIES AND UNCLES,

AND ALL INTERESTED IN THE

TRAINING AND EDUCATION OF THE

LITTLE ONES.

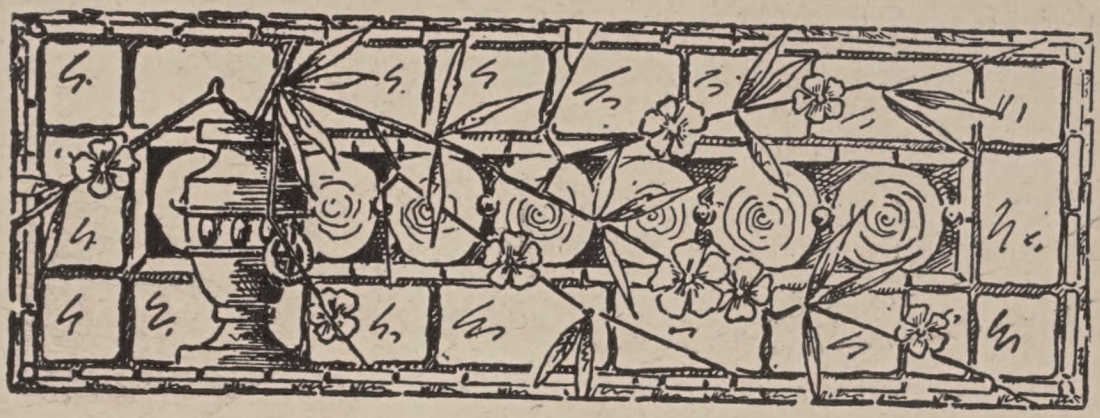


PREFATORY NOTE.

"MELODIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME" has been arranged and compiled by one who is best able to tell what is good for the instruction and amusement of the children—a mother. Many of the rhymes and jingles are original; and while they make no claim to poetical merit, they are new and entertaining to both mothers and children. Many of the poems are old favorites, and will be welcomed by the "old folks" as reminiscences of "the days of auld lang syne," when they learned these same rhymes at their mother's or father's knee.

The pictures will attract the eyes of the little ones, and the book is sent forth with the wish that all who read it may find profit, instruction and amusement in its perusal.

THE PUBLISHERS.



THE CHILDREN.

They are idols of hearts and of households,

They are angels of God in disguise;

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,

His glory still gleams in their eyes.

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MELODIES

FOR THE

LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

Here are rhymes for wee, wee folks,
And poems for their mothers,
Songs and ditties old and new,
For sisters and for brothers.

Some are jingles short and sweet,
Some are quaint and witty,
Some have pictures large and small,
Some are very pretty.

LITTLE EDITH.

Little Edith has grown so tall,
In petticoats and garters all;
If she keeps on as she's begun,
With bread and milk for her supper,
She will be a woman before her papa.

After supper her papa will trot her
  Upon his knee,
Then she will follow
To sleepy hollow,
Where the girls and boys
  Dream all night,
About the fun they'll have
  At morning light.

THIS IS THE WAY.

This is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

A child went wandering through a wood
Upon a summer day;
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
To join her in her play.

The cloudless sky above was blue,
The grass beneath was green,
And all around were lovely flowers
The brightest ever seen.

A honey-bee went humming by
"Stay, little bee!" she cried,
"Oh, do come back and play with me."
Aud thus the bee replied:

"I cannot stay, I must away,
And gather in my store,
For winter drear will soon be here
When I can work no more.'

She heard a pigeon cooing soft
High in the bough above—
"Come down, and play a while with me
My pretty, gentle dove."

"I cannot come and play with thee,
For I must guard my nest,
And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beech tree—
"I love to see you bound and leap;
Come down and play with me."

She came upon a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks—
"Stay, pretty stream, and play with me,
And you shall have my thanks."

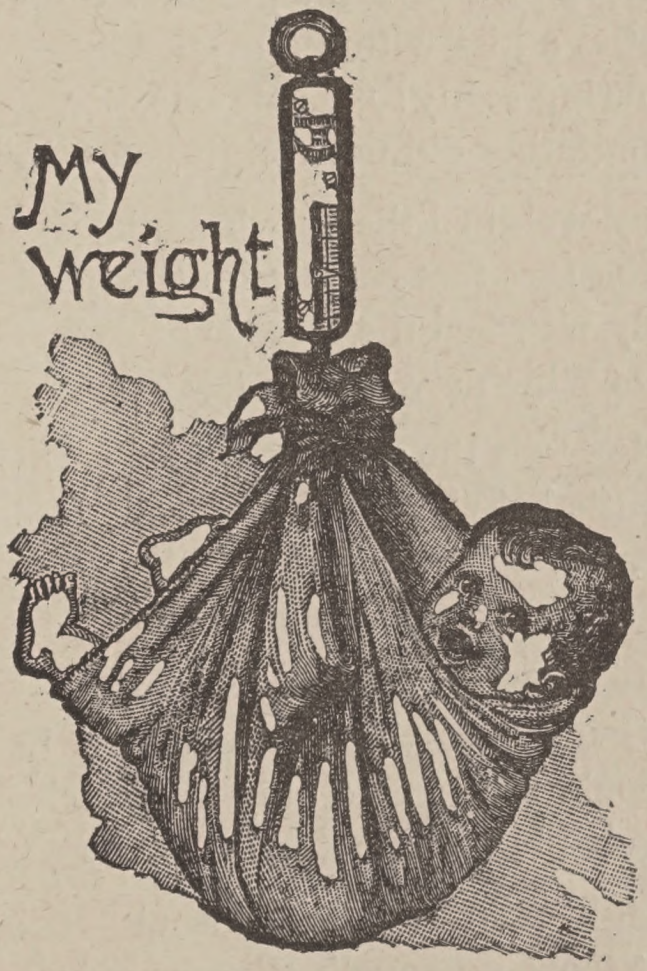
The stream replied, while in a pool
A moment it stood still,
"I cannot play, I must away
And drive the village mill."

The child sat down upon a stone,
And hung her little head:
She wept a while, and sobbed a while,
Then to herself she said:

"The stream, the squirrel, dove and bee
Have all got work to do;
I must not play my hours away—
I must be busy too."

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?



How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl,

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly: "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Of the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing monotone,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight may be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shines beneath this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing!

O mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby eyes look out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

—*Ethel Lynn Beers.*

THE TOOTHACHE.

Oh! Johnny, what's the trouble
That you have ceased to chatter?
'Cause I've got the *awfullest* toothache!
And that's what's the matter!

Now I'm feeling better,
My toothache's gone away,
I'll eat no more candy
For many a long day.

GOLDY'S DEAD.

"Goldy's dead—all dead,"
Said a wee, sweet boy.
The sad look deepened
As he left each toy.

"Addie, say—oh, say,
Will Goldy wake up,
If he take med'cine
Right out of my cup?

"I'll sugar it sweet
For dear Goldy-bird;
P'haps he'd sing 'Thank you,"
If he only heard.'

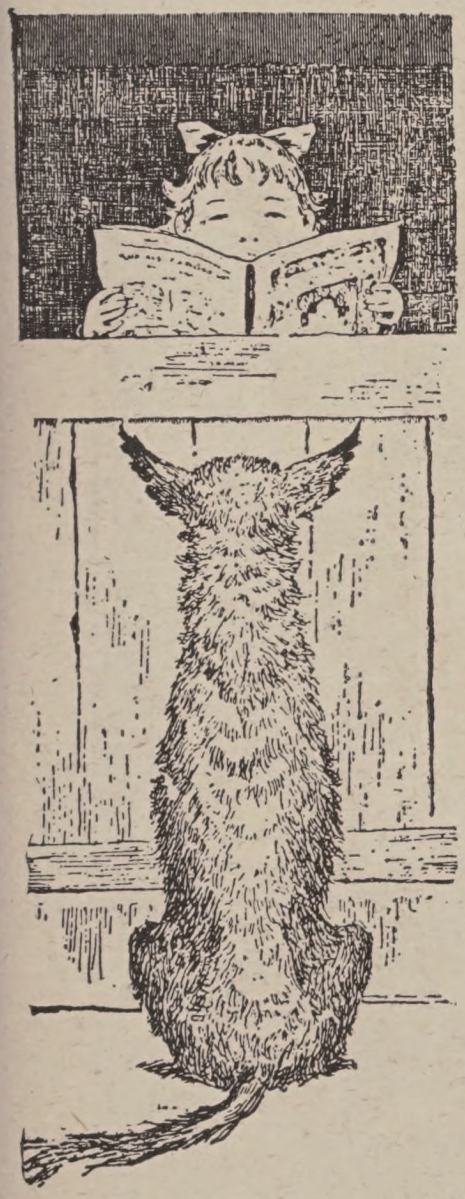
"Bennie, dear, you know
Poor Goldy's quite dead,
He can't hear a word
Of what we have said.

"We'll make a soft bed,
And lay him away.
But we'll not forget
For one single day."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

What do you think of Miss Carrie Depew?
She bought her a bonnet of Peacock Blue—
Bought her a bonnet and gown to match,
And a necklace of blue, with a golden catch.

JUST LOOK.



Just look at this big doggie
Gazing up at me,
I wonder if he's thinking
About a little girl like me.

O doggie I am reading,
A very sorry tale,—
Two ships that went to sea
Were stranded by the gale.

You cannot understand it,
So do not wag your tail,
Look at the pretty picture
Of the two ships under sail.

Go home, you little rascal,
Don't keep staring so,
I'll call my brother Allan,
He will make you go!

PRETTY SHEEP.

"Pretty sheep, now tell me why
In the sunny fields you lie,
Doing nothing all the day?
Make yourself of use I pray."

"Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

"Soon the merry spring is past
And the farmer comes at last;
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little maiden, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

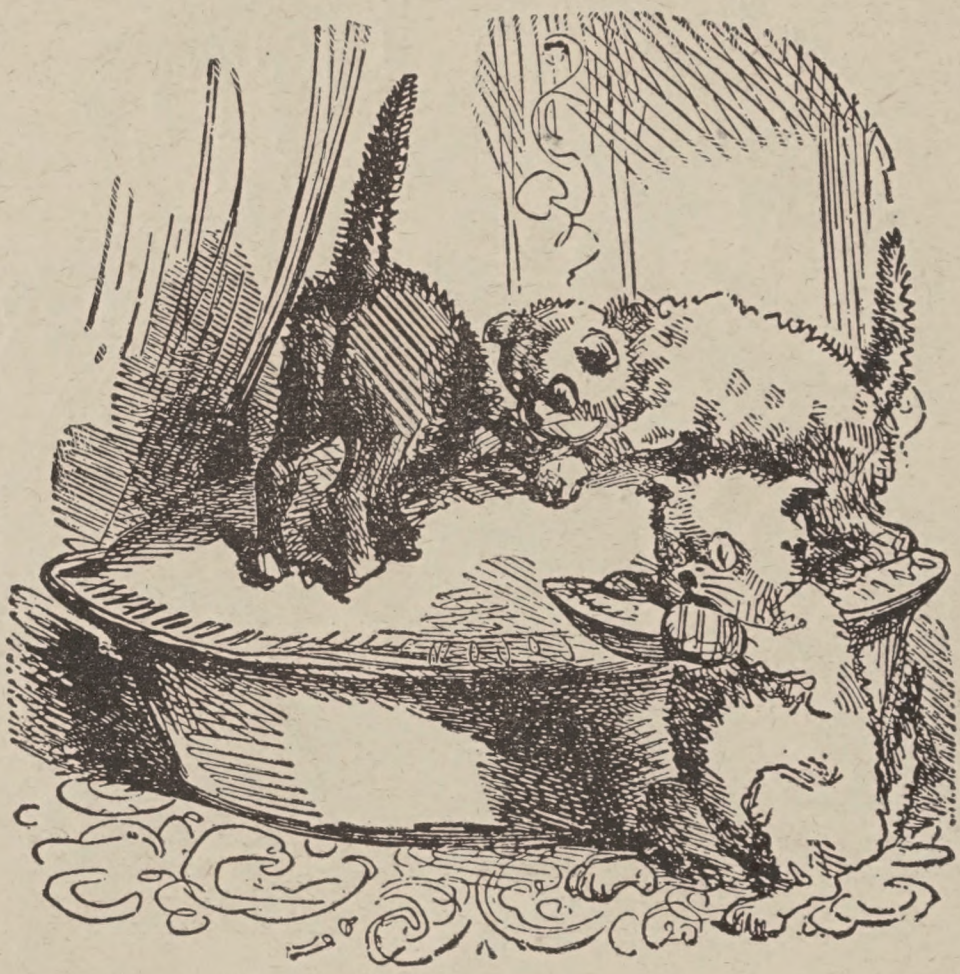
THREE SINGERS.

One sang high, and one sang low,
The other just between,
They were the daintiest damsels
One had ever seen.

But somehow, it was funny,
They couldn't keep in tune,
And so they all grew weary
Of singing very soon.

And no one dared suggest
That the maids should try again,
Because, to tell the truth—
Their singing gave such pain.

Three little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost!"
"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie."
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew,



The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found."
"What! found your mittens
You little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie."
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have wash'd."
"What! wash'd your mittens,
You darling kittens!
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush!" Miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
  Everywhere they go,
Rosy little fingers,
  The sweetest that I know!

No into my work-box,
  All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
  Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
  Where the keys are hidden,
Full of mischief looking,
  Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
  Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
  Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers,
  Never, never still!
Make them, Heavenly Father,
  Always do Thy will.

—*Apples of Gold.*

THE SNOWBALL AND TOMMY.

The snowball and Tommy,
One winter's day,
Went up on the hill
For a merry play.
"Come on!" said the snowball,
"Follow me!"
"I will!" laughed Tommy,
Chuck full of glee.

The hill was steep, and the snowball grew
So tired of play, and of Tommy, too,
That it suddenly turned, and down the hill
Pushed poor little Tommy with right good will.
"Come on!" cried Tommy, "follow me!"
"I will!" said the snowball, icily.

RAIN, RAIN.

Rain, rain, go to Spain,
Never more come back again!

A sunshiny shower
Won't last half-an-hour.

Rainy, rainy, rattle stones,
  Don't rain on me,
Rain on Johnny Groat's house,
  Far across the sea.

PRETTY ISABELLA.

Here is pretty Isabella,
With her little red umbrella;

She comes out this fine day
To call on you and say—

She hopes it won't be very wet,
And many presents may you get!

May fortune favor you alway,
And good luck ever with you stay!

O SALLIE! FIE SALLIE!

O Sallie! fie Sallie!
What a girl you are!

No wonder your kind teacher
Is puzzled what to do.

Pick up your book from off the
floor,
And try your lessons, dear,
once more.

SPIN AWAY.

Spin away, spin away, round and round,
The hum of the top has a merry sound,
The peg top's journey is just beginning,
Ever so long it will go on spinning,
Up in my hand or down on the ground,
Still the peg top goes round and round.
Baby looks on with eyes so bright—
Isn't top spinning a wonderful sight?

THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

BABY'S DOG.

Baby's dog and doggie's baby—
Such a loving pair!
Each the others joys and sorrows,
Willing is to share.
Where we find the one, the other
Surely will be there.

THE ALPHABET.

A B C D E F
G H I J K L
M N O P Q R
S T U V W X
Y Z

---

a b c d e f g
h i j k l m n
o p q r s t u
v w x y z

THE MONTHS.

Thirty days have September,
April, June, and dull November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight days clear,
And twenty-nine in each leap year.

TIME.

Sixty seconds—one minute.
Sixty minutes—one hour.
Twenty-four hours—one day.
Seven days—one week.
Four weeks—one month,
Twelve months, 52 weeks or 365 days—one year.

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

1. JANUARY.
2. FEBRUARY.
3. MARCH.
4. APRIL.
5. MAY.
6. JUNE.
7. JULY.
8. AUGUST.
9. SEPTEMBER.
10. OCTOBER.
11. NOVEMBER.
12. DECEMBER.

MOTION SONGS.

AN OUTDOOR SONG.

Oh, here's for Johnny McGregor,
Oh here's for Johnny McKew,
Oh here's for Johnny McDonald,
And all his jolly crew.

(Sing with movements)
Put your right arm in!
Put your right arm out!
Give it a bit of a shake!
And turn you round about!

Repeat the song, and then, in succession, let the movements be left arm, right foot, left foot, elbows, chin, nose, ears, etc., just as long as you like.

COCK ROBIN.

(*Make suitable motions on italicized words.*)

Cock Robin is dead, and *gone* to his rest,
Um! ah! gone to his rest.

There grew a fine apple-tree *over* his head,
Um! ah! over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to *drop*,
Um! ah! ready to *drop!*

There came an old woman and *picked up* a lot,
Um! ah! *picked up* a lot,

Cock Robin rose up and gave her a *knock*,
Um! ah! gave her a *knock!*

Which made the old woman go *hipplety-hop*,
Um! ah! *hipplety-hop*.

And then she fell down to the ground with a *flop!*
Um! ah! down with a *flop*.

Shake the head mournfully.

What a sad, sad end to poor old Dame Top,
Um! ah! poor old Dame Top!

Cock Robin's been dead ever since, I wot!
Um! ah! dead I wot!

If you want any more you can sing it yourself,
Um! ah! sing it yourself.

THE LITTLE WORKERS.

We're a band of little workers,
And we do our work each day,
Not a lazy drone amongst us,
And yet we like to play.
We'll work whilst we are working,
And play when we have done,
For our teachers kind have taught us,
To finish what we have begun.

Spoken—And just now our work is to plane this board.

Sing with motions—

So we'll push, push, push, push,
Push the plane along,
We'll push, and push, and push, and push,
While we sing our merry song.

Then let a little boy stand out from the rest and say: "But I'm hungry; I want something to eat. Please mayn't I have some bread?"

A little girl replies: "There is no bread; what shall we do?"

All answer: "Let us make some!"

Sing with motions—

So we'll thump, thump, thump, thump,
Thump the nice soft dough;
Then work it well and put into tins,
And bake it through and through.

Now let another little girl come out and say: "Oh, dear me! I can't eat dry bread. Can't we have some meat!"

Larger boy replies: "Yes, let us go and catch an ox! Get your lariats (lassos) ready! Mount your horses, and off we go!"

Sing with motions—

So we'll fling, fling, fling, fling,
Fling the rope with care;
We'll catch a fat ox, and home with him trot,
And feed like an old lord mayor.

Now let the leader say: "The fire's out, and there's no wood; what shall we do?"

All reply: "Saw some!"

Sing with motions—

So we'll saw, saw, saw, saw,
Saw the wood with care,
Then chop it all up, ready for making the fire,
And pile it in the yard.

THE GERMAN BAND.

TUNE—"*Weel may the keel row.*"

Oh, come and look at the instruments,
The instruments, the instruments,
Oh, come and look at the instruments,
We play in our mimic band.

Oh, we shall play like the Germans,
The Germans, the Germans,
Oh, we shall play like the Germans,
As they march through the land.

And this is our pompous leader,
The leader, the leader,
And this is the pompous leader,
Of this our German band.

And this is the Big Bass Drum player,
Big Bass Drum, Big Bass Drum,
And here is the Big Brass Drum player,
And he plays "Pom! Pom! Pom!"

And this is the Cornet player,
The Cornet player, the Cornet player,
And this is the Cornet player,
And he plays "ran, tan, tan."

And here is our Piccolo player,
Our Piccolo player out Piccolo player,
And this is our Piccolo player,
And he plays "Tootle Toot!"

And this is our Castanet player,
Castanet player, Castanet player,
And this is our Castanet player,
And he plays "Nick, Nick, Nack!"

And this is our Violin player,
Violin player, Violin player,
And this is our Violin player,
And he plays "Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

And this is our Tamborine player,
Tamborine player, Tamborine player,
And this is our Tamborine player,
And she plays "Jingle, jingle."

And this is our Kettle-drum player,
Drum player, Drum player,
And this is our Kettle-drum player,
And he plays "Prum! prum! prum!"

And this is the way we puff our cheeks,
Puff our cheeks, puff our cheeks,
And this is the way we puff our cheeks,
As we play in the German Band.

And now we've played as long as we can,
As long as we can, as long as we can,
And now we've played as long as we can,
So breaks up our Mimic Band.

RHYMES

FOR

LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Little Johnny Lee,
What do you see?
I see the big ships
Sailing o'er the sea.

Little Miss Brown
Is going to town,
With her hat and her muff,
And her jacket of brown,

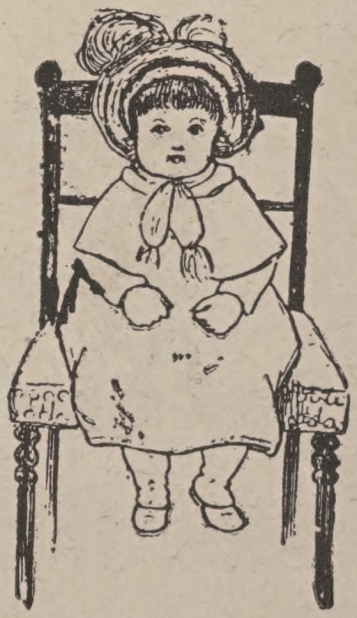
A dillar, a dollar, a two o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

DING, DONG BELL.

Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Johnny Green,
Who pulled her out? Little Johnny Trout,
What a naughty boy was that,
To try and drown poor pussy cat!

LITTLE MASTER GUNN.

Little Master Gunn,
The brewer's youngest son,
Is riding on a barrel,
And thinks it jolly fun.



MISS DOROTHY.

Here is Miss Dorothy,
Dressed in her best,
She'll kiss her dear friends,
And shake hands with the rest.

LITTLE GIRLS.

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

LITTLE BOYS.

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snips and snaps and puppy dog's tails
That's what little boys are made of.

GO TO SLEEP.

Go to sleep, my little dearie,
On your pillows soft and white,
Sleep, oh sleep, till morning early,
Then awaken with the light.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her;
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common,
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca
That she was a little Quaker.

Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?

How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her—
I will leave papa to name her.

—*Mary Lamb.*

BIRDS, BUTTERFLIES AND BEES.

Gay little birds
They twitter and sing,
From morning till night
How the green woods ring.

Bright butterflies
Think not of the day,
When wild winds blow
And Jack Frost has sway.

Brave little bees
Fly here and fly there,
To lay up food
Ere the fields are bare.

MY LITTLE DOGGIE.

My little doggie's name is Dick,
He's up to every little trick,
He jumps, and barks, and runs away,
And does not heed a word I say.

Dick's home is pretty, sweet and nice,
And always free from rats and mice,
He never goes away to roam,
Like stranger dogs far off from home.

ON THE FENCE.

Three little people
on the fence.
"Hi! Betty Martin!
If you're a-goin' to
London town,
Its time you were
a startin'!
See Sammie at the
swallows stares!
For London town
he little cares

So, Betty Martin, you and I,
Will just slip off quite on the sly,
Eh Betty Martin?"

Three little people on the fence.
"Hi! Betty Martin!
The owner 'll come and pack you hence.
O-o-oh! Betty Martin!
If you are going to London town,
Do be a startin'!"

So off they went to London town,
While Sammie little knew it.
But they were sad
When he got mad,
And cried, "How could you do it?"

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who, for our sakes, came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

REMINDING THE HEN.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut!" she'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over—
She *did* look so mad and so vext;
For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word she ought to cluck next.
So *I* said 'Ca-*daw*-cut,' 'Ca-*daw*-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could.
And she looked 'round at me very thankful
I tell you, it made her feel good.
"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-*daw*-cut!'
She remembered just how it went, then,
But it's well I ran into the garden—
She might never have clucked right again!"

WHAT BABY WANTS.

Baby wants candy, and apples, and spice—
Baby wants ev'rything juicy and nice.

Baby wants moonshine, and sunshine, and all—
Baby wants old folks to run at his call.

Baby wants fire, and water, and steam—
Baby wants looking-glass, else he will scream.

Baby wants papa to play bear and growl—
Baby wants sugar-bowl, else he will scowl.

Baby wants brother to play horse and run—
Baby wants rattle, and marbles, and gun.

Baby wants sister to pet him and sing—
Baby wants pencil, and paper, and ring.

Baby wants mamma before work is done—
Baby wants ev'rything under the sun.

BIRDS IN THEIR NEST.

Chirp, Chirp, Chirp,
Cry the little birds for mother,
Chirp, Chirp, Chirp,
Cry the birds to one another,
While mother flies o'er vale and hill
For little worms their bills to fill.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Oranges and lemons,
Said the Bells of St. Clement's.

You owe me five farthings,
Said the Bells of St. Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Said the Bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Said the Bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Said the Bells of Stepney.

I do not know.
Said the great Bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop—off—
the—last—man's—head.

NAMING THE BABY.

What shall we name the darling,
  Who came to us one day?
Shall we call her our little Mary,
  Estelle, or Ida, or May?

Mabel, or Saxon Edith,
  Or Margaret, fairest pearl?
Will Isabel, tall and stately,
  Be fitting our little girl?

Shall we call her gentle Alice,
  Or Madge, for her dark brown hair?
Is she like a Rose just opening,
  Or a Lily pure and fair?

Shall we name her Helen, or Laura,
  Sweet Hope, or darling Grace?
Will Belle, Louise, or Anna
  Match best with the baby's face?

Lottie, or Hattie, or Jennie,
Winnie, or romping Kate,
Josephine, proud and stately,
Or Bertha, grave and sedate?

No name that just fits you, dearie,
Then what shall the little one do?
Must she wander, forlorn and nameless,
The years of her life all through?

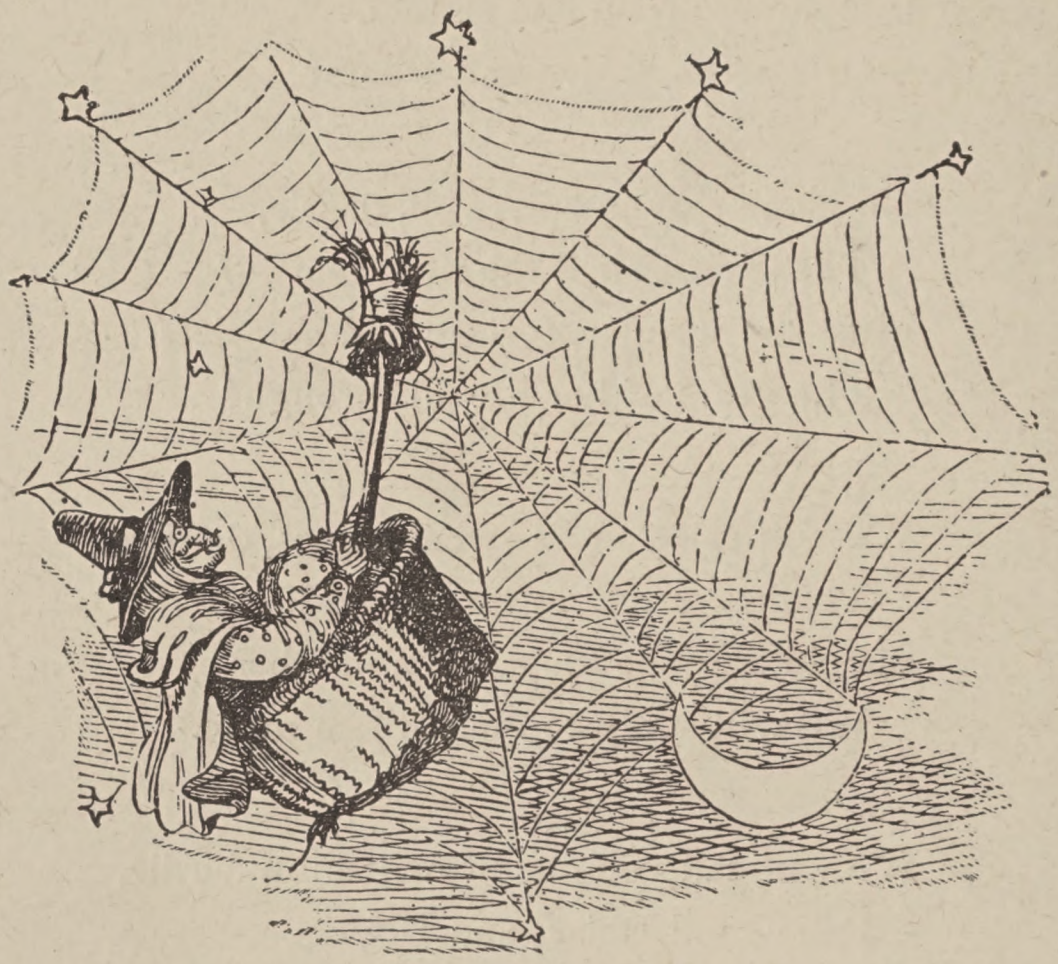
We will call you all sweet names, darling,
That are found in household lore;
Should they be too small a number,
We will study to make them more.

We will call you our brown Snow-birdie,
Fairy, and Daisy, and Elf,
Darling, and Dottie, and Dimple,
Names fitting your own sweet self.

Some morn or propitious even,
Shall bring you a name to bear;
Some name with a musical cadence
Shall our little baby wear.

—*Mrs. E. C. Bates.*

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.



There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
  Nineteen times as high as the moon,
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
  For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman," quoth I,
  "O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
  "Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by and by."

SKIPPING.

Airily, airily, skip away:
Set to work, all of you, trip away!
Over your head and under your toes,
That's the way the merry rope goes!
Aprons flap in the breezy air;
Fly away, lessons, this holiday fair!

STORY OF AN APPLE-PIE.

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z and **&**

All wished for a piece in hand.

LET'S CLIMB THE FENCE.

"Let's climb the fence," said Bessie;
"I dare not," Mamie said;
And timid Little Sallie
Cried, "I'll fall and bump my head!"
So Bessie climbed the fence, and
Wee Mamie staid below,
But timid little Sallie
Crawled under, you must know.
And crawling under, what do you think?
She beat Miss Bessie quick as a wink.

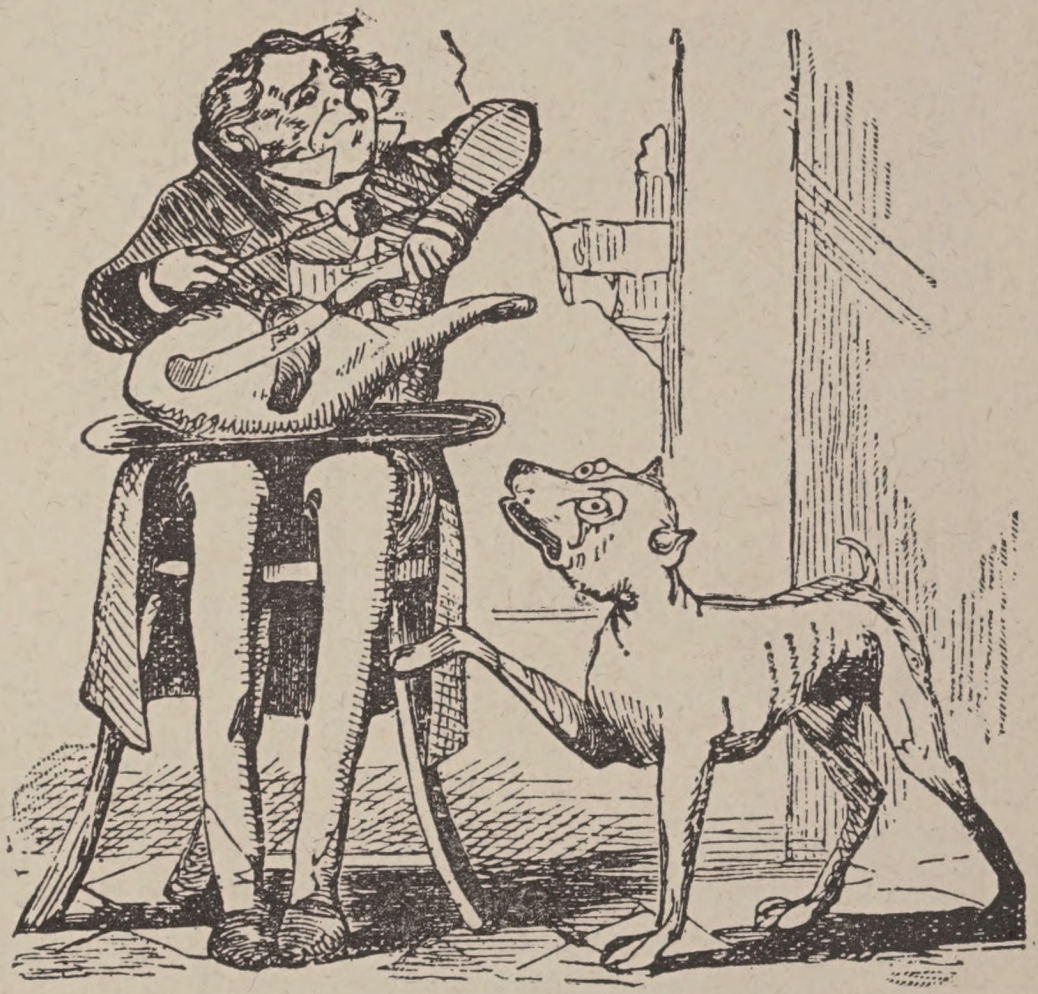
BABY LOST!

Lost a little blue-eyed girl,
With sunny hair all over curl,
Little figure, dainty sweet,
Little toddling, restless feet,
Lost! a baby!

Lost! Lost! Lost!
A darling little baby!
Up and down the lonely street,
Go the tender baby feet.
Oh! how many baby sighs;
Fills with tears the baby eyes,
Oh! poor baby!

Lost! Lost! Lost!
A darling little baby!
Where, oh! where are mamma's arms
To shield her baby from alarms?
Ah, mamma is coming fast
To find and hold her pet at last.
Cheer up, baby!

TWO LEGS.



Two legs sat up on three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

TOYS, TOYS, PRETTY TOYS!

Toys, toys, pretty toys!
Toys for girls and toys for boys!

Toys for one and toys for two,
Toys, my dears, for all of you.

Toys for girls and toys for boys!
Toys, toys! pretty toys!

Toys for dots who scarce can crawl,
Toys for youngsters stout and tall.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little moments make an hour;
Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
Water drops, a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love,
Make a home for you above.

WAVES ON THE SEASHORE.

Roll on, roll on, you restless waves
That toss about and roar;
Why do you run all back again
When you have reached the shore?
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.
"We must not dare," the waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule—
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.
Thus freely on the sandy beach
We dash and roll away;
While you, when study-time is o'er,
May come with us and play."

—*Aunt Effie's Rhymes.*

HIDING IN THE HAYCOCK.

Nestled in the haycock,
Playing "hide-and-seek,"
Tiny shoe and gray frock
Through the clover peak.

All around the mow, hum
Baby voices sweet:
"Ninny, ninny, now come,"
Rosy lips repeat.

HIDING IN THE HAYCOCK.

Hiding in the haycock,
Laughing Lou is "It."
Hunting for the stray flock,
Keen her childish wit;
Chasing round the mow, some
Voice that seemeth near:
"Ninny, ninny, now come,"
Farther off to hear."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the floods are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"O, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"O, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"O, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now see here," said the mother
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch!"

LONDON BRIDGE.

"London bridge is falling down!"
So sing the children, loud and long.
Not so many years ago,
I really sang that same old song,
And sang it as those children now,
With merry voice and beaming brow.

"London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down
London bridge is falling down
So merrily!"

Which to choose, how difficult!
A golden ring or necklace fair;
When the old bridge really fell,
We rubbed the bruise and didn't care.

"London bridge is falling down!"
We search life for the sweeter sweet;
'Twixt the twain we still demur,
And if defeat be ours to meet,
The bruises do not seem so small,
As when those childish bridges fall.

"London bridge is falling down!"
Alas! I said "not long ago!"
Can it be that years have flown,
And that my little Kate and Joe
Now join with childish fun and glee
The song that now is old to me?

"London bridge is falling down!"
When long forgotten I and mine,
Gay-voiced children still will sing
The same old-fashioned nursery rhyme:

"London bridge is falling down!
Falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down
So merrily!"

COME OUT AND PLAY.

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a hoop, come with a call,
Come with a good-will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

There's nothing like a fiddle,
Though music is a riddle,
With its big dots, and little dots, and long straight lines.
This fiddle makes a groaning,
And a grunting and a moaning;
And listen to the doggie—what dreadful howls and whines.

(*What the little girl said.*)

Oh, dear me, I am tired,
(Though the music I've admired),
Of holding this book for you this long, long while.
And what would Grandpa say
If he knew we'd been at play,
A playing on his fiddle in such a famous style?

RING A ROSY.

"Ring—a—round—a—rosy!"
Cheeks like a posy;
Eyes that twinkle with delight,
Could there be a fairer sight?
Little feet that dance in glee;
Voices singing merrily.
Won't you stop a little while?
At my questions you will smile:
"Rosy, I have never seen,—
Tell me, is she some fair queen?
Have your lily hands now crowned her,
Will you form a ring around her?

"Why draw 'buckets of water
For my lady's daughter'?
Has she spoiled her pretty dress?
Ah! to wash her face, I guess!
Very hard 'tis to unravel
What is meant, dears, by 'green gravel.'
Then you say, 'How barley grows
You, nor I, nor nobody knows;'
Oats, peas, beans, too, you include;
If the question be not rude
Darlings, tell me why this is done."
Ha! Ha! laugh they, "It's such fun!"

—*George Cooper.*

BABY-LAND.

How many miles to Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream, and wake, and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

—*George Cooper.*

I HAD A LITTLE DOGGIE.

I had a little doggie
That used to sit and beg,
But Doggie tumbled down the stairs,
And broke his little leg.

Oh, Doggie, I will nurse you,
And try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar
With a pretty little bell.

Ah! Doggie, don't you think you should
Very faithful be,
For having such a loving friend,
To comfort you, as me.

And when your leg is better,
And you can run and play,
We'll have a scamper in the fields,
And see them making hay.

But, Doggie, you must promise,
(And mind your word you keep),
Not once to tease the little lambs.
Or run among the sheep.

And then the yellow "chicks"
That play upon the grass,
You must not even wag your tail,
Or scan them as you pass.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

O many things are beautiful!
The bird that sings and flies;
The setting sun
When day is done;
The rainbow in the skies.

The gentle lamb, so innocent,
The dove, so tender, true,
The violets,
With dew drops wet,
So sweet and fair to view.

But there is one more beautiful,
More tender, sweet and mild:—
The girl or boy,
A parent's joy,—
The loved and loving child.

JAMIE AND THE WIND.

A frolicsome wind came out one day,
And blew our Jamie's hat away.

It blew it up, and blew it down,
And nearly blew it out of town.

And here and there poor Jamie ran,
An out-of-breath, provoked young man!

The hat it dodged him here and there,
Nor for poor Jamie seemed to care.

The naughty wind at last relented,
And of its wilful pranks repented.

And Jamie, out of breath, at last
Caught up his hat and held it fast.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the beautiful sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

HOW SPRING MADE HER FLOWERS.

Little Spring sat out on the hills one day
When Winter was sweeping his snows away;
Mother Nature came by and whispered low,
"My daughter, I'm sorry you idle so!
If you lazily pass the fleeting hours,
When, you naughty Spring, will you make your flowers?"

Spring looked not up nor a word replied,
But her sweet lips quivered, and soon she cried
"It is hard to work, and I am too small,
And too young to do anything at all!"

Down her hot tears fell on a bank of snow
Which winter forgot, it was hidden so.
See, it melts a little at each warm tear,

And where it had lain the green leaves appear.
Spring played in the snow with her fingers pink—
The color came off a little, I think.

Rounded bits she placed on each stem so brown,
And, pleased with the sight, she stooped softly down,
And kissed into life the pure waxen leaves,
While each from her breath a perfume receives.
Made of tears and kisses and warmth and snow,
What wonder we love the May-Flower so!

Then, laughing and singing, she wandered down
To the fields which lay just beyond the town.
'Twixt her finger and thumb the sunbeams pass,
And they fall in rings on the freshened grass.

"Dandelions!" the children shout at play,
When they run from school at the close of day;
But Spring and you and I know very well,
They were bits of sunshine caught as they fell.

As she dances on, Spring suddenly sees
How forlornly bare are the orchard trees.
Already the sun is going to rest;
He paints as he goes, the clouds in the west,
And Spring flies up to the white and the pink,
And, quicker than anyone else could think,
She carries them down to the orchards bare,
And, with many a deft touch here and there,
Round each little twig she fastens them tight,
To her own, the trees' and the world's delight.
"Fine prospect for fruit!" says the owner proud;
And how should he know 'tis a sunset cloud?

The light has died out of the twilight sky,
Night smiles upon Spring as she passes by—
She is going to pierce the curtain blue,
To let the light of heaven shine through.
Spring gathers the fragments of deep-blue sky,
And soon all over the meadows they lie.

It must have been so, else how should there be
Violets as many as stars that you see?
"Does Spring always make her flowers this way?"
The wreathed and garlanded children say.
I can only tell what she did that day.

A TRUST SONG.

Better a smile than a sigh, dear,
Better a kiss than a frown;
Better a look toward the sky, dear,
Than always be looking down.

Better, in time of trouble,
A song of hope and cheer,
Than a heart that broods o'er sorrow,
And makes that sorrow dear.

The joys we find to-day, dear,
Perhaps seem poor and small;
But better a little sun, dear,
Than to have no sun at all.

Then make the most of the present,
And its little joys, I say,
For what is here we have, dear,
But to-morrow is far away.

WHAT'S IN THE BASKET?

What's in the basket,
I wonder, I wonder,
Something peeps out
Like the silk of corn,
Silky and wavy,
A straw basket under,
Why! it's my little doggie,
As sure's you're born!

IN THE ORCHARD.

Apples red and apples green,
Apples rich and ripe are seen
In the orchard near the road,—
Apples, apples, by the load!

In the spring the trees were white,
Apple-blossoms, such a sight!
Little apples filled the trees,
Fanned all summer by the breeze.

Little apples grew and grew,
Living on the rain and dew;
Now the fruit in great, rich stores
Harvest in the orchard pours.

Glad the farmer's swelling heart!
Glad the little children start
For the orchard, where they play
"Picking apples" all the day.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax;
On pinks and on lilies.
And gay daffodiliies,
And columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;

He never gets lazy:
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

—*Marian Douglas.*

GREAT A.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

I'm fond of the good apple tree;
A very good-natured friend is he.
For, knock at the door when e'er you may,
He's always something to give away.

Shake him in water: on all below
He'll send down a shower of feathery snow;
And when the spring sun is shining bright,
He'll fling down blossoms pink and white.

And when the summer comes so warm,
He shelters the little birds safe from harm;
And shake him in autumn, he will not fail
To send you down apples thick as hail.

Therefore, it cannot a wonder be
That we sing hurrah for the apple tree!

TWENTY FROGGIES.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little crabs of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.

I HELP MY MOTHER.

"I help my mother every day,
As well as spending time in play,
For sweet it is to hear her say,
This is my helpful girl so gay!"

I hush our baby when he weeps,
And soothe him gently till he sleeps,
Then, errands run for mamma dear,
Who says I fill her heart with cheer.

I take the bucket to the well,
Like Jack and Jill, who sadly fell;
But if I fall my tears she'll quell,
By calling me her helpful Belle.

I love into the well to peep,
And see the water, oh so deep;
But, do you know, a frog did leap,
Although I thought him fast asleep.

—*Lenena.*

CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Little Cherry Blossom
Lived up in a tree,
And a very happy
Little thing was she.

Clad all through the winter
In a dress of brown,
Warm she was through living
In a northern town.

But one sunny morning,
Thinking it was May,
"I'll not wear," said Blossom,
"This old dress to-day."

Mr. Breeze, this hearing,
Very kindly said,
"*Do* be careful, Blossom:
Winter has not fled."

Blossom would not listen;
For the sky was bright,
And she wished to glisten
In her robe of white.

So she let the brown one
Drop and blow away,
Leaving her the white one,
All so fine and gay!

By and by the sunshine
Faded from her view:
How poor Blossom shivered
As it colder grew!

Oh for that warm wrapper
Lying on the ground!
Ah! Jack Frost will nip her:
He is prowling round.

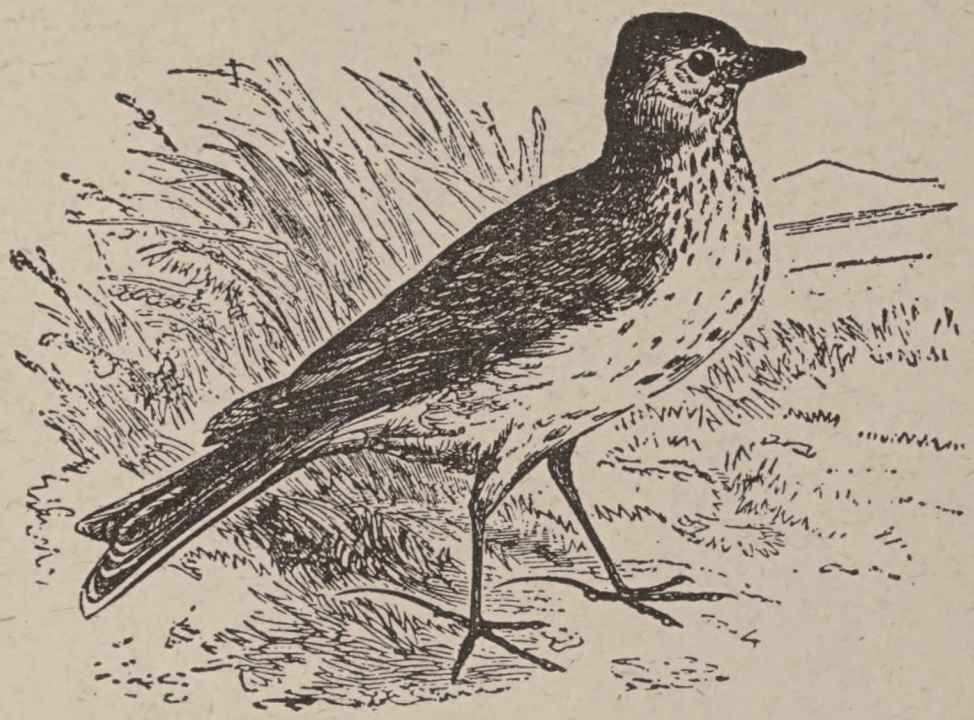
Yes, he folds poor Blossom
In his arms of ice,
And her white robe crumples,—
Robe so fine and nice!

Ah! poor Cherry Blossom!
She, in foolish pride,
Changed her wonted clothing,
Took a cold, and died.

All ye little blossoms,
Hear me, and take care
Go not clad too thinly,
And of pride beware.

—*S. M. Day.*

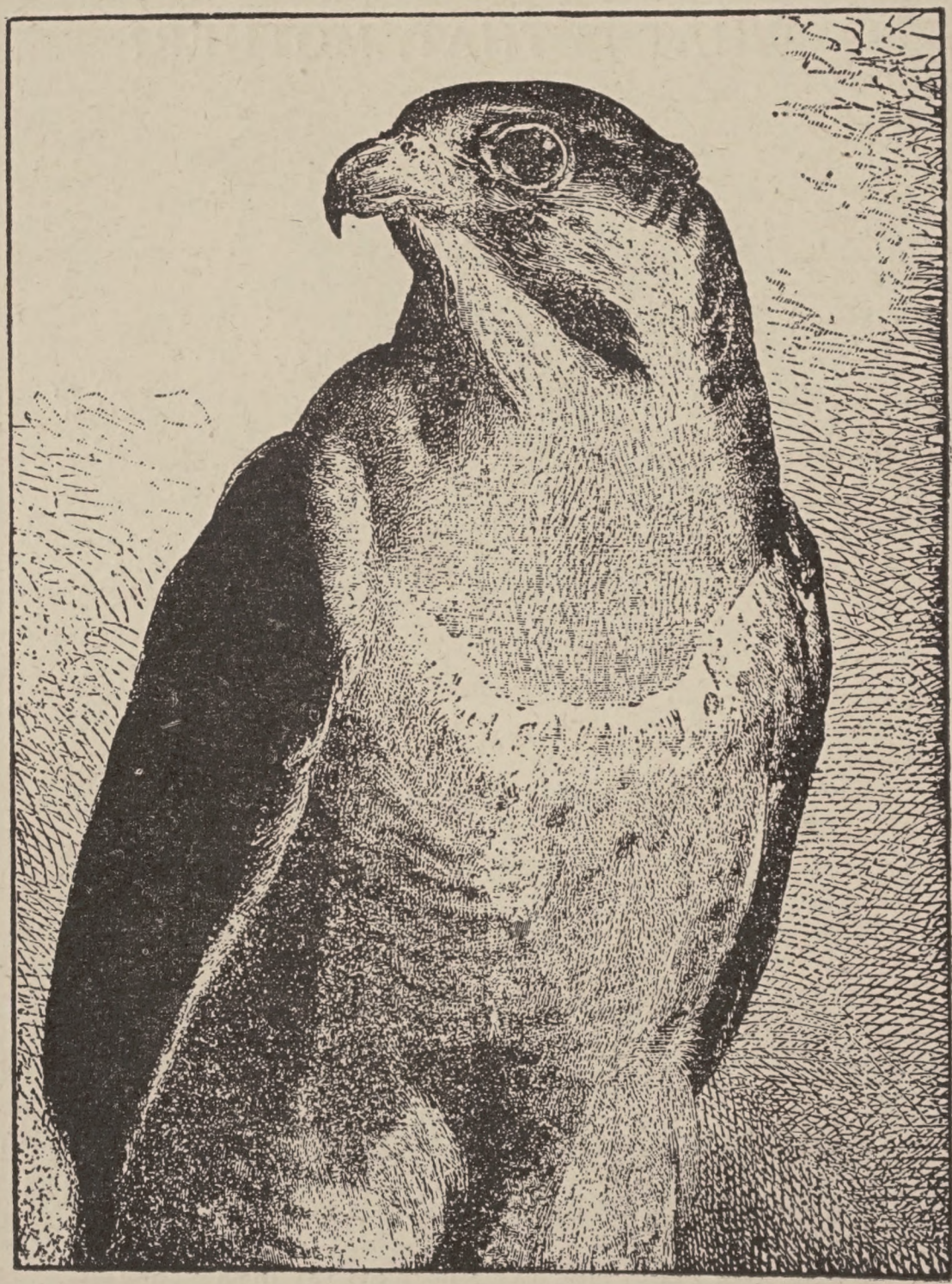
WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?



"What is that, mother?"

The lark, my child.

The morn has but just looked out and smiled
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's to thy Maker's praise.



"What is that, mother?"
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, and true to the line!

"What is that, mother?"
The swan, my love;
He is floating down from his native grove.
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swanlike and sweet it may waft thee home.

—*George Washington Doane.*

JUST LIKE ME.

1. I went up a pair of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pairs of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room,
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window,
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey,
2. Just like me.

LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and made him afraid;
Little Robin chirp'd and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew, mew, mew," and Robin flew away.

POLLY HOPKINS.

Now little Polly Hopkins
Must surely know great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K,
And L, and M, and N, and O,
And P, and Q, and R, and S,
And T, U, V, and W, X,
And Y and Z, I guess.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The day after Christmas said Harry to Fred,
"I think that *our* Santa Claus is not the same
Who brought 'round to your house that elegant sled;
My presents were horribly tame.

"Now what do I care for a tippet and gloves,
Of rubbers to wear in such weather as this,
Or books about boys who are angels or doves,
Or neckties just fit for a Miss?

"I wanted a drum for our regiment drill—
Or fife would have answered my purpose instead;
A pair of new skates I'd have liked better still;
I did not get even a sled."

"I think," answered Freddie, "that Santa Claus knows
And gives just whatever a fellow needs most:
To some he give toys and to some he give clothes;
He knew that I wanted to coast."

"I would not *feel* poor if I had not a shoe,"
Said Harry, "nor coat, nor a cap on my head;
But I feel mighty poor when I have this to do—
To coast on another boy's sled."

LITTLE DICK VAWTER.

Little Dick Vawter,
Came down to the water
To take a little dip,
But when he got there,
And his body was bare,
He began to pout his lip.

The waves came along
And sang a queer song,
Which Dick didn't understand,
He put on his clothes,
And every one knows,
He only stood out in the sand.

THE POOR CHILDREN.

The children of the alleys
Seldom see the pretty valleys
  Where the sheep and cattle dwell.

But they love to dance and sing
And play around the ring,
  Just like richer boys and girls.

Don't you wish that you could give
Of your gifts to help them live
  Sweet and happy, just like you.

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A stands for ALCOHOL, a fluid of fire,
Which often brings death to the seller and buyer.

B stands for BEER, sometimes sold by the barrel,
Most all who love it love also to quarrel.

C stands for CIDER, in these latter days
It is called "Satan's Kindling," it can make a big blaze.

D stands for DRUNKARD, O help him, who can,
To reform, be converted, and live like a man.

E stands for EGG-NOG, called an "innocent drink,"
Made of milk, eggs and brandy. *Is* it innocent, think?

F stands for FIGHT, which is easy for those
Who of brandy or beer take a liberal dose.

G stands for GUTTER, and also for GIN,
Who use much of the *latter* the *former* get in.

H stands for HOPS, a vine much abused
By those who make ale, beer and porter 'tis used.

I is for IDLER, no work will he do.

J is for JUG, his companion and foe.

K is for KINDNESS, how little is shown
To those who through liquor have desperate grown.

L is for LOAFER, who after much drinking
Stands on a corner, apparently thinking.

M stands for MANIAC, his reason all gone,
His family heart-broken; pray who did the wrong?

N is for NIGHT, the time for dark deeds.

O is for OUTCAST, who on crumbs and husks feeds.

P stands for PIPES, which you always will find
In places where liquor is sold—any kind.

Q QUESTIONS us whether it's prudent or wise
To smoke and to drink. There can be no disguise—

RUM shows itself sooner or later in all,
Flee the tempter! Oh, how he'd rejoice in your fall.

S stands for STATION-HOUSE, where in sad plight,
Poor drunkards are frequently taken at night.

T for TOBACCO, used in various ways
To rob men of strength and shorten their days.

U stands for USURY, this *adds* to the woes
Of rum's victims, when to the pawnbroker he goes.

V is for VINE, and it's innocent fruit,
Is made to help man sin below the poor brute.

W for WHISKEY, a very mean drink,
When one takes to this, he surely will sink.

X's one, two and three, are used to describe
A drink, by which many thousands have died.

Y stands for YOUTH, O be wise and beware.
Yield not to the tempter and die in despair.

Z stands for ZEAL, which can help us to win
Many souls from the power of Satan and sin.

LITTLE JOHNNIE POPE.

Little Johnnie Pope,
Climbing up the rope,
Says he will not stop,
Till he reach the top.

He would like to go to sea,
A cabin boy to be,
But he has too good a home,
To go away and roam.

THE CHINESE.

The Chinese are such funny folks,
They dress so very queer,
They shave their heads, and squeeze their feet,
And look as they do here.

ALPHABET OF MAXIMS.

Attend carefully to details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation nor business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thougnts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

'**X**tend to every one a kindly salutation.

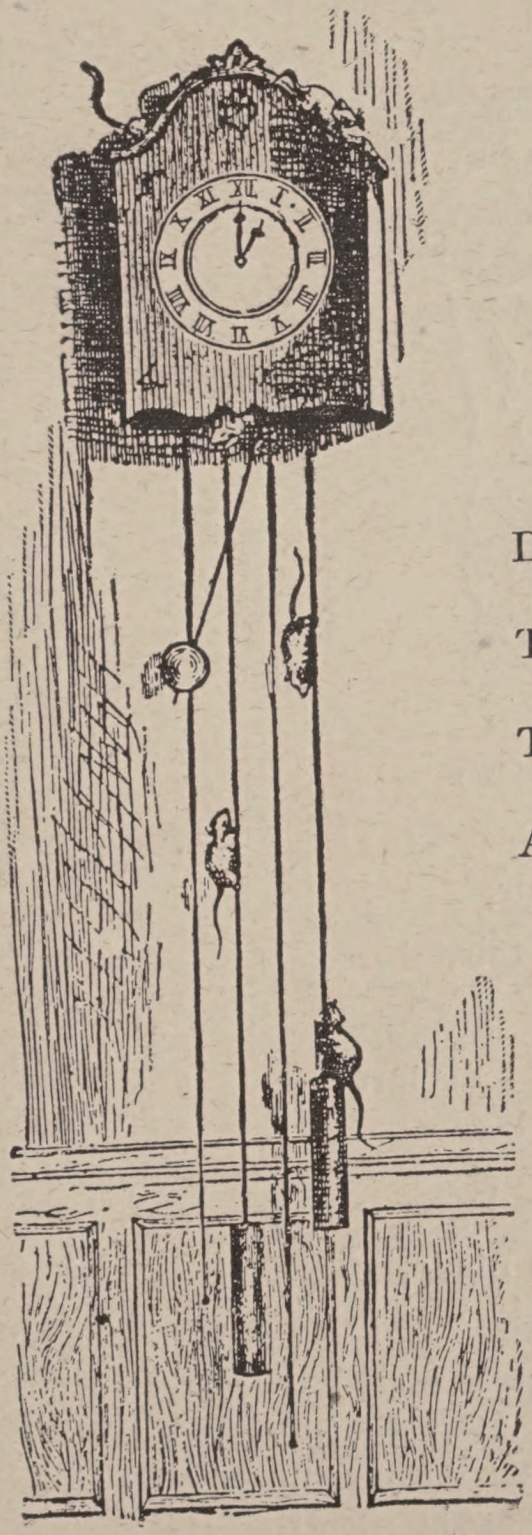
Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right:

And success is certain.

—*Baron Rothschild.*

DICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!



Dickory, dickory, dock!

The mouse ran up the clock!

The clock struck one!

And down the mouse ran,

Dickory, dickory dock!

SOAP BUBBLES.

Blow high, blow low,
Look how they go,
Floating high in air,
They're light and fair,
Look at that pair,
They're breaking, I declare!

Just look at the shade
Of which they are made,
Every color is there,
Of the rainbow fair.
Take care! Take care!
They'll break, beware!

TO A WEE WOMAN.

Dainty little maiden,
Crowned with summers three,
Winsome, sweet, wee woman
Take this wish from me:

May the tender sunshine
Nestling in your hair
Fall upon life's pathway;
Always linger there.

But as sunshine only,
Without any rain,
Withers buds and blossoms,
Brings no golden grain.

So your life, my darling,
Would be wholly vain,
If its buds and blossoms
Knew not sorrow's rain.

As the dainty rosebud
Wrapped soft fold on fold,
By the rain-drops beaten
Shows its heart of gold.

So may life for you, dear,
If its best you'd win,
Have enough of rain-drops
To show the gold within.

—*Florence A. Jones.*

TWO LITTLE CATS.

These little cats
Have left the rats
  To roam about together,
Old Pussy cat is weary
So to make her heart cheery,
  The kittens are getting her supper.

The rats and the mice
Think it very nice,
To have such a happy day,
For when's the cat's away
The mice are sure to play
  Havoc in the pantry.

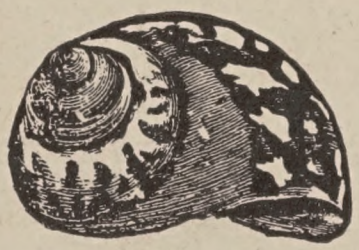
SEA SHELLS.

Sea shells! sea shells!

Pretty, pretty sea shells!

Round shells, long shells

And many very queer shells!



By the sea

We shall see

Every kind of sea shell.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

If I were a bird, I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest in the swinging elm-tree;
O, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom
And make myself beautiful all the day through
With drinking the sunshine the wind and the rain;
O, if I were a flower, that's what I would do!

If I were a star, I would shine wide and bright
To guide the lone sailors on oceans afar,
And travelers lost to the desert and woods:
O, that's what I'd do if I were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been set,
For I am a child and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons and day after day
Learn to read and to spell, and add one, two and three.

—*Our Little Ones.*

"I'LL TRY."

"I'll Try!" is a soldier;
"I will!" is a king;
Be sure they are near
When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over,
And boys are men,
"I'll Try!" and "I will!"
Are good things then.

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away;

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—*Eliza Follen.*

THE UMBRELLA.

'Twas a boisterous day, and this foolish little lady,
Went out all alone with her grandma's umbrella.
When she opened it, the wind
Took her up, and sent her flying
Till it soused her in a pond,
Where her father found her crying.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep;" "To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added;
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still, "My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

WALK WHEN YOU'RE ABLE.

Little boy, little boy,
Up on the table,
Sit still, and do not fall,
You'll walk when you're able.

WE'RE ALL IN THE DUMPS.

We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

DOLL-HOUSE TROUBLES.

My dear sister Nina

You'll find here a letter

From sister Regina;

I wish it were better.

Arabella Anastatia
Is a very naughty doll,
I really can't take care of her—
She won't behave at all.

This morning when I called her
And told her she must dress,
She began to cry for mamma;
You must come back, I guess!

I don't see what possessed her
To act in such a manner,
She nearly drove me crazy;
In fact, I had to fan her!

I couldn't put her shoes on;
She kicked!—The naughty girl,
She wouldn't let me wash her,
Or put her hair in curl.

I told her that I loved her;

But she would not mind a bit,

So I put her in the corner,

And there I made her sit.

THE TURTLE.

The turtle lives near the sea,
But is often seen on land,
He shuffles along with a gait like a crab,
And loves to crawl in the sand.
His back is a very hard shell,
And his flesh is eaten by man.

WHY THE DOG'S NOSE IS COLD.

"What makes the dog's nose always cold?"

I'll try to tell you, curls of gold,

If you will good and quiet be,

And come and stand by mamma's knee:

Well, years, and years, and years ago—

How many I don't really know—

There came a rain on sea and shore;

Its like was never seen before

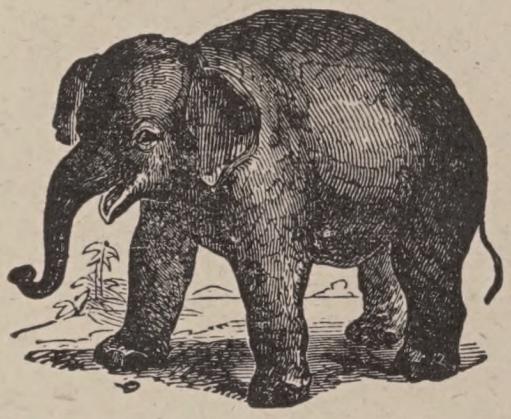
Or since. It fell unceasing down,
Till all the world began to drown.
But just before it 'gan to pour,
An old, old man—his name was Noah—
Built him an ark, that he might save
His family from a watery grave;
And in it also he designed
To shelter two of every kind
Of beast. Well, dear, when it was done,
And heavy clouds ohscured the sun,
The Noah folks to it quickly ran,
And then the animals began
To gravely walk along in pairs;
The leopards, tigers, wolves, and bears,
The deer, the hippopotamuses,
The rabbits, squirrels, elks and walruses,
The camels, goats, cats, and donkeys,
The tall giraffes, the beavers, monkeys,

The rats, the big rhinoceroses.

The dromedaries and the horses,

The sheep and mice, the kangaroos,

Hyenas, elephants, koodoos,



And hundreds more—'twould take all day

My dear, so very many names to say—

And at the very, very end

Of the procession, by his friend

And master, faithful dog was seen.

The livelong time he'd helping been

To drive the crowd of creatures in;

And now, with loud exultant bark,

He gaily sprang aboard the ark.

Alas! so crowded was the space,

He could not in it find a place;

So, patiently he turned about—

Stood half way in and half way out.

And those extremely heavy showers

Descended through nine hundred hours

And more, and, darling, at their close,

Half frozen was his honest nose;

And never could it lose again

The dampness of that dreadful rain;

And that is what, my curls of gold,

Makes all the doggies' noses cold!

WHAT THE PAPERS WILL SAY.

O! dear! and O, my! what a dreadful disaster
Run quick for the doctor and run for a plaster,
'Was drowned while out fishing,' the papers will say;
What a very sad end to a beautiful day."

"With mamma for doctor, the plaster a kiss—
You need not fear quite such a trouble as this.
'Was saved *before* drowning,' the papers can tell,
Because mamma's kisses make everything well."

THE STORY OF JENNY WREN.

JENNY WREN.

'Twas once upon a time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced,
And so prettily she sung,
Robin Readbrest lost his heart,
For he was a gallant bird;
So he doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren!
If you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry pie, you shall,
And drink new currant wine,
I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or any peacock gay;
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind;
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I'll take your offer kind;
Cherry-pie is very nice,
And so is currant-wine;
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
And never go too fine.

WE COME, WE COME.

We come, we come, with sword and drum;

Braver soldiers there are none,

At the captain's word we draw the sword,

And fight for country, fame and fun!

March! March! March in good order,

All the blue bonnets are over the border.

Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub,

List to the sound of the drum,

List to the sound of the drum,

Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub,

Like brave little soldiers, we come.

MAMMA CAN'T FIND ME.

No little step do I hear in the hall,
Only a sweet little laugh, that is all;
No dimpled arms 'round my neck hold me tight;
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright,
Two little hands a wee face try to screen,
Baby is hiding, that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious, I've missed so all day?"
"Mamma can't find me!" the pretty lips say.

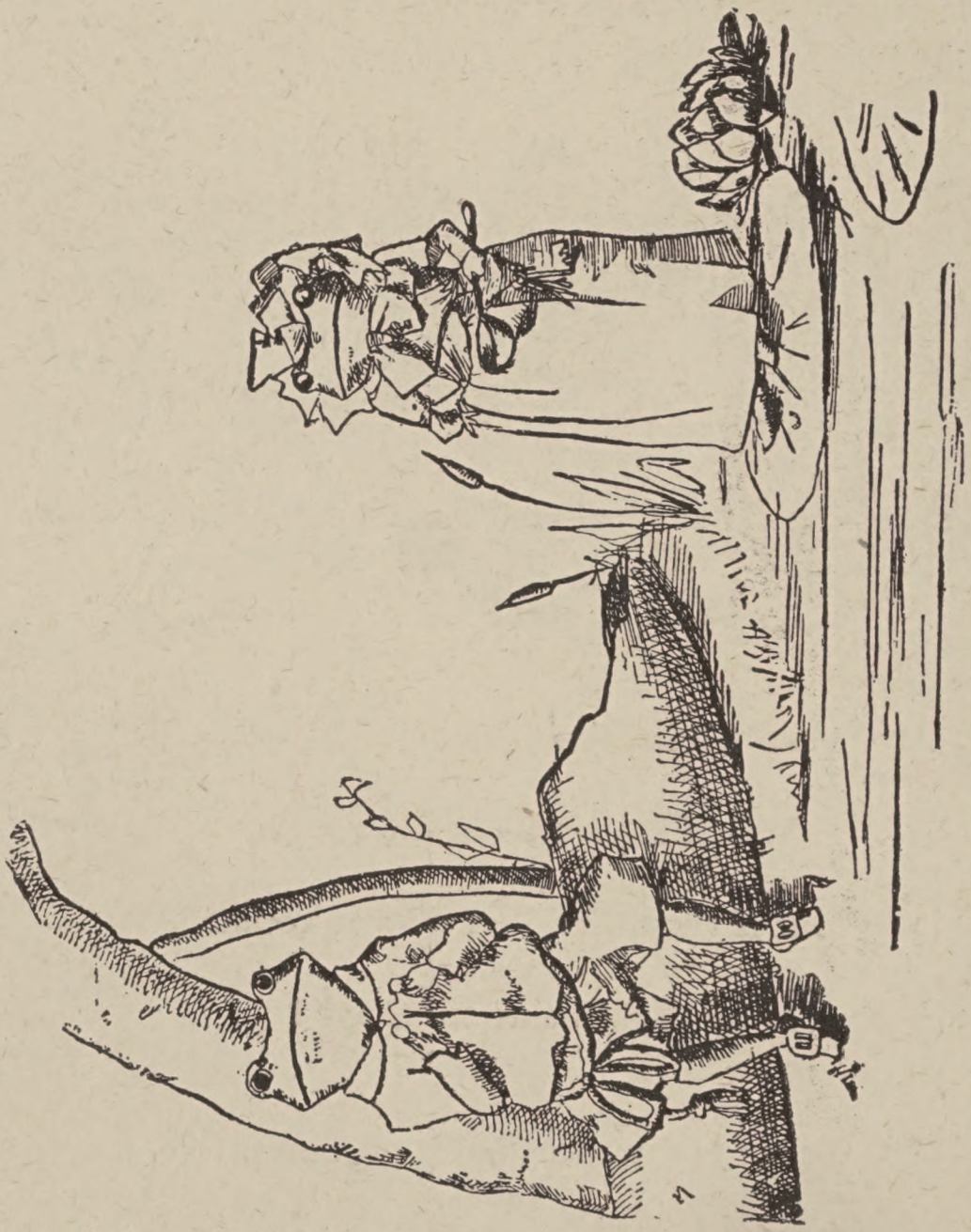
"Dear me, I wonder where baby can be?"
Then I go by and pretend not to see.
"Not in the parlor, and not on the stairs,
Then I must peep under sofa and chairs."
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright,
Two little arms 'round my neck clasp me tight,
Home will, indeed, be sad, weary and lone,
When mamma can't find you, my darling, my own.

FOOTBALL.

Football is a jolly game,
When boys are not too rough,
But if they kick you till you're lame,
Why then it's awful tough!

What fun when there's a great melee,
And half a score fall down,
The rest they laugh and shout with glee,
And thus drive off each frown.

MR. FROG AND WIFE.



A frog, a frog jumped out of a bog;
He had no chair, so he sat on a log;
He sat on a log and looked at me,
Till, his wife said, "Chug, come into your tea."

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

"I can't sit still any more to-day,
And I'm much too tired for quiet play;
How can I possibly keep alive
Till nurse comes in with the tea at five?"

"I want you all for a game of play,
This terrible rainy winter's day;
Something that's sure to keep you alive
Till nurse comes in with the tea at five."
"Dolls and visiting?" "Oh, dear, no.
That would, indeed, be dreadfully slow."
"Football?" "P'raps that's a little rough;
But what do you think of Blind-man's Buff?"

Every one shouted directly "Yes!"
And "Blind me first," begged sister Bess.
Such a splendid game of play as they had,
Poor nurse thought her flock must all have gone mad.

HIE FOR CHRISTMAS.

HIE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Bring frost, bring snow,
Come winter;
Bring us holly,
Bring joy at Christmas;
Off with melancholy!

Sing hie, Sing hey,
Sing ho,
Sing holly,
Sing hie for Christmas!
Isn't winter jolly?

Sing Jim, sing Will,
Sing Flo,
Sing Molly,
Sing hie for Christmas,
Mistletoe and holly!

KNOWLEDGE.

Beneath the oak tree's cooling shade
This little girl has often played;
But now at study she takes a turn,
Her lessons well she tries to learn:—
Here is a truth for everybody,
Knowledge comes by earnest study.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

One, two, three!
A bonny boat I see.
A silver boat, and all afloat,
Upon a rosy sea.
A silver boat, and all afloat,
Upon a rosy sea.

One two, three!
The riddle tell to me.
The moon afloat is the sunny boat,
The sun-set is the sea.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word of letters five
That means bound fast together;
Transpose but two, and you will find
A scattering yon and hither.

UNITE—UNTIE.

A, B, C.

The A, B, C,
Is pleasant to me,
I'm learning it all the day;
Whenever I look
In a printed book,
I see nothing but A, B, C.
Sing A, B, C.
Sing A, B, C,
I see nothing but A, B, C.

I'm glad to know
The fine little row
Of letters, both great and small;
The D, E, F, G,

The L, M, N, O, P,
And the X, Y, Z, and all.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z, and all.

If I can fix
These marks twenty-six
In this little careless head,
I'll read every book,
As soon as I look
A the letters all over it spread.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
And the letters all over it spread.

I now will learn
Them all in turn,
The big letters and the small;

For how can I spell,

Or pronounce them well,

Till I have learned them all?

The bees and the flies

Have nice little eyes,

But never can read like me;

They crawl on the book,

And they seem to look,

But they never know A, B, C;

Sing A, B, C,

Sing X, Y, Z,

They never can know A, B, C.

—*Hastings' "Nursery Songs."*

BLOW, GENTLE GALES.

Blow gentle gales,
Across the ocean blue,
I'm looking for my lover,
My own John True.

KEEP A WATCH ON YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees they have terrible stings;
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life,
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open two-edged knife.

TAKE THE CHILDREN OUT.

Take the children out, young mother,
'Tis a little thing they ask,
Though to you, so plied with duties,
It may seem a weary task.
Out-door joys are so much brighter
To the merry little band,
Clinging on to mother's garments,
Taking hold of mother's hand,
Boys and girls, we all remember
Happy days that mem'ry brings,

When dear mother's voice surprised us—
"Children, go put on your things."
Take the children out, young mother,
Never, never be ashamed
Of the burden of your offspring—

Much too often are you blamed.
Richer than your richest raiment,
Brighter than your diamonds rare,
Are the precious little children
God has given to your care.

FEEDING THE CHICKIES.

I gave them all their breakfast,
You should have seen them run!
O, sissie, I can tell you
'Twas the best kind of fun
To see old Mistress Speckle
Rush up and grab the corn,
And when the others came, ho, ho,
It every bit was gone.

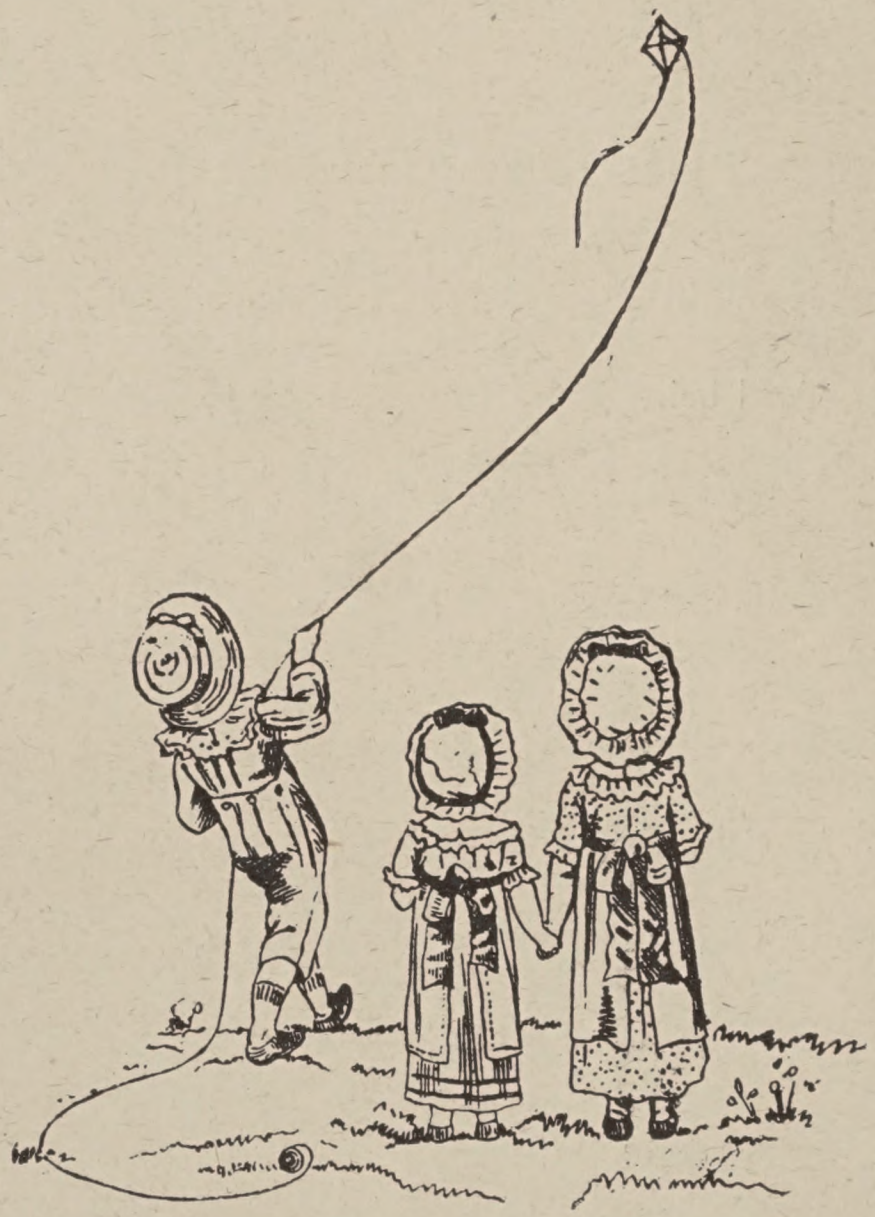
But I *gave* 'em all their breakfast, and if some didn't catch it,
It was only just because they wern't quick enough to *snatch* it.

THE LITTLE SHIP.

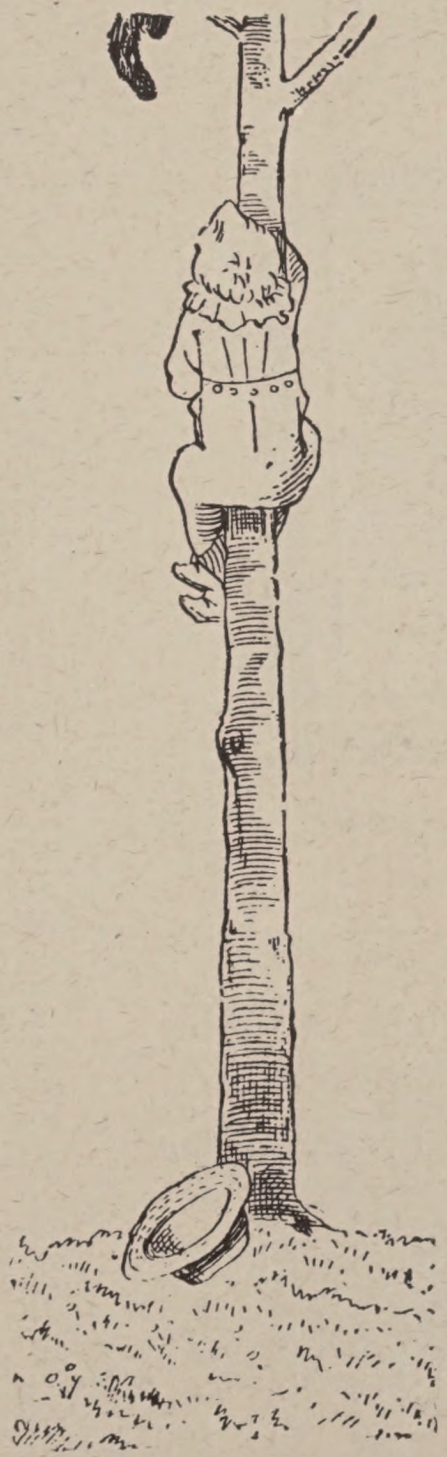
Now, little ship, go out to sea,
And bring good fortune back to me;
But don't, like *papa's* "*ship*," I pray,
Be gone forever and a day.

He's always saying what he'll do,
When *his* ship comes to land;
But somehow it has never come,
Why, I don't understand.

FLYING THE KITE.



Fly away, fly away, comical kite,
Up in the sky to a terrible height;
When you come back tell us where you have been,
Where do the stars live, and what have you seen?



UP THE TREE.

Up the tree
The kit did flee
With the bread.
Of little Ted.

Ted with whine,
Began to climb
Up the tree
To catch Kittie.

You naughty Kit,
I'll be your match,
For I will climb
Till you I catch.

SUMMER MOODS.

I love at eventide to walk alone,

Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,

Where, from the long grass under neath, the snail,

Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.

I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,

Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;

Where bees search round, with sad and weary drone,

In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there;

While in the juicy corn the hidden quail

Cries, " Wet my foot; " and, hid as thoughts unborn,

The fairy-like and seldom-seen land-rail

Utters " Craik, craik," like voices under ground,

Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,

And see the light fade into gloom around.

A BASKETFUL OF FLOWERS.

A basketful of flowers, dainty, fresh, and fair,
O, how sweet and fragrant! see!
Wheresoe'er I take them they perfume all the air—
God has made them grow for me!
I will gladly take them to the poor and sad,
Nature's sweetest comforts they!
They in their bright beauty will make a sad heart glad,
Driving all the pain away.

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.
Another year in leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY?

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush, say "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

—*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

A BED-TIME SONG.

Open the snowy little bed,
And put the baby in it;
Lay down her pretty curly head,
She'll go to sleep in a minute.

Tuck the sheet down round her neck,
And cover the dimples over,
Till she looks like a rose-bud peeping out
From a bed of sweet white clover.

BIRDIES IN THE SNOW.

Birdies, birdies in the snow,

What do you find to eat, I pray?

Birdie, birdie in the tree,

What think you of the winter day?

"Not a worm crawls on the ground,

Only snow lies all around,

And no breakfast have we found.

Little lady, say,

If *you* were a tiny bird,

Hungry, cold, and tired, too,

And *we* were some little girls,

I'll tell you what we'd do;

We'd throw some bread crumbs down, you see,

And give you a nice breakfast free."

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

Faded and fair, in her old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray,
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful thiegs I mean
To have, and to do, if I can some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh or send you away.

I see, as I look from the window seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof, and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers,
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it trickle and fall
When the doors are opened: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old,
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay,
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea;
Oh! to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old, far lands of the legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when like me you are old," says she,

"And getting and going are done with, dear,

What then do you think will the one thing be

You will wish and need to control you here?"

"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,

Love, you see, will content me," I say.

"That money won't buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And sure enough, if there's nothing worse

All your care, when the years are past,

But love in heaven and love on earth,

Why not begin where you'll end at last?

Begin to lay by treasure to-day,

Treasures that nothing can take away,

Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers that bloom
  In early May,
When winter's gloom
  Has passed away;
But lingers still
  In mem'ry near,
And distant hill
  Is brown and sere—
Are sweeter far
  To wearied view,
Than blossoms are
  Of gaudier hue,
That summer brings,
  When all is gay,
And nature sings
  All care away.

So dawn is brighter
  To the oppressed,
Than all the lighter
  Hours of rest,
That noonday brings
  To lives so fair,
That know no stings,
  No pain, no care.

GROWN-UP LAND.

"Good-morning, fair maid, with lashes brown!
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood town?"
"O, this way and that way—you can never stop—
'Tis picking up stitches that grandma will drop;
'Tis kissing the baby's wee troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay.
'Tis helping mamma, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving up cents;
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town."

"Just wait, my brave lad; one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?"

"O, by toiling and trying we reach that land,
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand;
'Tis by climbing up the rugged hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart.
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down—
O, that is the way to Manhood Town."

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the "Grown-up Land."

THE BIRD AND THE MAID.

There sat a bird on the elder-bush
One beauteous morn in May,
And a little girl 'neath the elder-bush
That beauteous morn in May.

The bird was still, while the maiden sang,
And when she had done his song out-rang;
And thus in the rays of the bright spring sun
The bird and the maid sang on and on,
That beauteous morn in May.

And what, I pray, sang the bright bird there,
That beauteous morn in May?
And what was the song of the maiden fair,
That beauteous morn in May?

They were singing their thanks to God above
For the bounteous gifts of His priceless love.
Oh, such songs of praise
Should be sung always,
Each bounteous morn in May.

THE SEA.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
  Mild, majestic, foaming, free,—
Over time itself victorious,
  Image of eternity!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
  See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
  In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
  With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
  'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.
Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

—*Bernard Barton.*

WORK WHILE YOU WORK.

Work while you work,
And play while you play,
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.
All that you do,
Do with your might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right;
One thing at once,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As wise men tell.
Moments are useless,
Trifled away—
Work while you work,
And play while you play.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."—

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,"
To help my mother you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

A SUMMER CALL.

Girls and boys, come out and play,
Trees are green and fields are gay,
While little birds carol on every spray—
  Girls and boys come out to play.

Leave your slates, and close your books,
Come explore my pleasant nooks,
And see your shadows in mirroring brooks—
  Girls and boys, come out to play.

Tread the springy sward again,
Gather hawthorn down the lane,
And link the delicate daisy chain—
  Girls and boys, come out to play.

Come in quest of violets rare,
Twine the primrose in your hair,
And seek the hyacinth fresh and fair—
  Girls and boys, come out to play.

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

"Oh, won't somebody *please* come quick?
I'm all upset, and I feel so sick!

"The pan was big, and while I was drinking
My foot, before I was thinking,

"Went speedily *up*, and my head went *down*,
And the milk pan tilted over my crown;

"And oh, dear me! I feel so sick!
Won't somebody take the pan off—quick!

"When I am thirsty again, you'll see,
I'll ask *mamma* if she'll please help me;

"And I'm very sure that I will not slip,
And into a pan my *whole head* dip,

"For I'll take my milk in my own glass cup,
And keep myself carefully—*right side up*."

JUST AS FAT.

Just as fat
Is my little man,
Who eats and sleeps
And does all that.
With dimpled chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He knows no care,
And has no troubles.
Yes, he's fat,
Is my little man,
Who winks and blinks
And does all that.
With double chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He's far too fat
For baby troubles.
Just as fat!
How pretty his cheeks!
So jolly plump,
And pink at that.
Tickle his chin
And touch those bubbles,
And you'll see why
He has no troubles.

—*Wm. B. Oleson.*

THE FROST.

The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

THE SNOWFALL.

Old Winter comes forth in his robe of white,
He sends the sweet flowers far out of sight,
He robs the trees of heir green leaves quite,
And frezes the pond and the river;

He has spoiled the butterfly's pretty vest,
And ordered the birds not to build their nest,
And banished the frog to a four months' rest,
And makes all the children shiver.

Yet he does some good with his icy tread,
For he keeps the corn-seeds warm in their bed;
He dries up the damp which the rain has spread,
And renders the air more healthy;

He taught the boys to slide, and he flung
Rich Christmas gifts o'er the old and young,
And when cries for food from the poor were wrung,
He opened the purse of the wealthy.

We like the Spring with its fine, fresh air;
We like the Summer with flowers so fair
We like the fruits we in Autumn share,
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting;

His touch is cold, but his heart is warm;
So, though he brings to us snow and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
And ours is a gladsome meeting.

THE FIVE PIGS.

1. This pig went to market;
2. This pig stayed at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat;
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, wee, wee, wee!
   I can't find my way home.

C.C.Bernard. Sc.

SAILING TO-NIGHT.

There's a ship on the sea. It is sailing to night—
Sailing to-night;—
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright—
Shining and bright.

Dear Moon, he'll be sailing for many a night—
Sailing from mother and me;
Oh, follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea!

GOING TO MARKET.

This is the way we trot, trot, trot,
This is the way we go.
I am the girl that's going to town,
Carrying my pig, you know.

A *little* pig, a *fine fat* pig,
She's worth her weight in gold.
Whoever wants, had best buy now,
Before my pig grows old.

A BIG BITE.

Mamma gave our Nelly an apple,
So round, and big, and red;
It seemed, beside dainty wee Nelly,
To almost eclipse her head.

Beside her young Neddie was standing—
And Neddie loves apples, too.
"Ah, Nellie," said Neddie, "Give Brother
A bite of your apple—ah, do!"

Dear Nelly held out the big apple;
Ned opened his mouth very wide—
So wide that the startled red apple
Could almost have gone inside!

And, oh! what a bite he gave it!
The apple looked small, I declare,
When Ned gave it back to his sister,
Leaving that big bite there.

Poor Nelly looked frightened a moment,
Then a thought made her face grow bright;
"Here, Ned, you can take the apple—
I'd rather have the bite!"

CURLY HEAD.

"What have you in your basket,
Curly-head?"
"Though 'tis not polite to ask it,
I've some bread."

Where go you with your basket?
Who's in need?"
"Though 'tis not polite to ask it,
Birds I feed."

"Will they eat what's in your basket—
All of it?"
"Though 'tis not polite to ask it,
Every bit."

"Where, when empty is your basket,
Go you then?"
"Though 'tis not polite to ask it,
Home again."

PETER PIPER.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper,
A peck of pepper Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper,
Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked?

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR BOYS.

1. Observe good manners.
2. Hold integrity sacred.
3. Endure trials patiently.
4. Be prompt in all things.
5. Make good acquaintances.
6. Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
7. Never be afraid of being laughed at.
8. Watch carefully over your temper.
9. Fight life's battle manfully, bravely.
10. Sacrifice money rather than principle.
11. Use your leisure moments for study.
12. Shun the company of loafers.

ROBINS IN THE TREE-TOPS.

Robins in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass,

Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;

Sudden little breezes
Showers of silver dew,

Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew.

Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch,

Don't you think that May time's
Pleasanter than March?

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

A STORY FOR A CHILD.

Little one, come to my knee;
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the winds in the woods a-roaring.

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch black night,
In just such a storm as this is.

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated,

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt in the stormy dark,
That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring!
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

HOW TO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY.

If anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that some one chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well—
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.

"Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your father?" my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you," my pretty maid?"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

CHICK-A-DE-DEE.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a show-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;
"Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee."
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

"Oh, mother, do get some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if you choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee."
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too,
Good-morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

PEAS PUDDING HOT.

Peas pudding hot,
Peas pudding cold,
Peas pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

TWO BOYS.

Two boys went a-fishing
On a bright summer's day,
Down near the mill-dam,
Close to Farmer Gray.
They caught some trout,
And turned about
To homeward wend their way,
When who should come out
But Farmer Gray,
Who asked them about
The fish they were taking away.
Said he: "The pond is mine,
Boys can't come here
And steal my fish away,
So leave them alone,
You'll not take them home,
These fish belong to me."

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have,
Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you are fed.

They wake up your dolly
And put on your clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants
So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy
Or idle—would you?

A GOOD NAME.

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it,
'Tis a precious diadem;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'Tis more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.

STAR OF PEACE.

Star of peace, to wand'rers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

SLEEPY TIME.

Because the little lambs have gone
To sleep so long ago,
And every little bird has flown
Safe to its nest, you know;
Should not *my* little lambkin hie
To the sweet land of
Lullaby?

Because a snowy little crib,
With pillow soft and white,
Is waiting for a little head,
With curls so golden bright;—
Should not a little head I know,
Straightway to that white pillow go?
Lullaby!

Because the merry day is gone,
And twilight shadows fall,
And the bright sun has said good-night,
To lambs, and birds, and all;—

Should not *my* birdie seek his nest,
And thro' the night-time sweetly rest?
Lullaby!

Because Mamma is waiting, too,
To sing her Lullaby,
And the Dream Angels wait to close
Each blue and sleepy eye;—
Should not this darling boy of mine
To Dreamland go till sunbeams shine?
Lullaby!

THE TEMPERANCE CHILD.

Mamma, if you'd have me
Be a temperance child,
You must give me only
Food that's pure and mild.
Highly-seasoned dishes
Make the stomach crave
Stronger things; and often
Lead to drunkard's grave.

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best,
Two little ponies can go to a span,
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,

Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with roses set in,
Two little shoulders chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long,
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day,
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down,
And two little angels guard him in bed,
One at the foot and one at the head.

FEED THE BIRDIES.

Feed the birdies, darling,
When the snow is here,
When there are no berries
On the bushes, dear;—
Scatter food out for them,
And they'll quickly come,
Hopping, singing, chirping
"Thank you for the crumb."

I MEANT TO.

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,
But why so sleepy—I can't tell—
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in I know:
But there's the school-bell, I must go.
I meant to.

"My lessons I forgot to write,
But nuts and apples were so nice.
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk on tiptoe,
Oh, how the baby cries, Oh! Oh!
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate,
And put away my book and slate.
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,
My slate is broken, book is torn.
I meant to."

Thus drawls poor idle Jimmie White,
From morn till noon, from noon till night:
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man
He'll heedlessly mar every plan
With that poor plea, "I meant to."

SUNSHINE.

The sun shines on forever
Though clouds may hide his face;
His brightness and his glory
The whole wide world may trace:
For clouds are not but vapor
Whose fleecy veils unfold,
And softest silver lining
We then with joy behold.

NOTHING TO DO.

I have sailed my boat, and spun my top
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now—I have nothing to do.

The Tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks—
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

I can see where the boys have gone to fish;
They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow"
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod:
I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away
After berries. I'm sure they've been out for hours;
I wonder what makes them stay?
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,
"Because you have nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
With his little half hour of play;
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through;
But then he is never tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.

JEWELS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their eager hands
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million llttle sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

SCANDAL.

"What do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know!"

"Don't tell anybody!"

"Oh no! Oh no!"

"Somebody told me,
That someone else said
That so and so told them
(You won't tell what I said?")

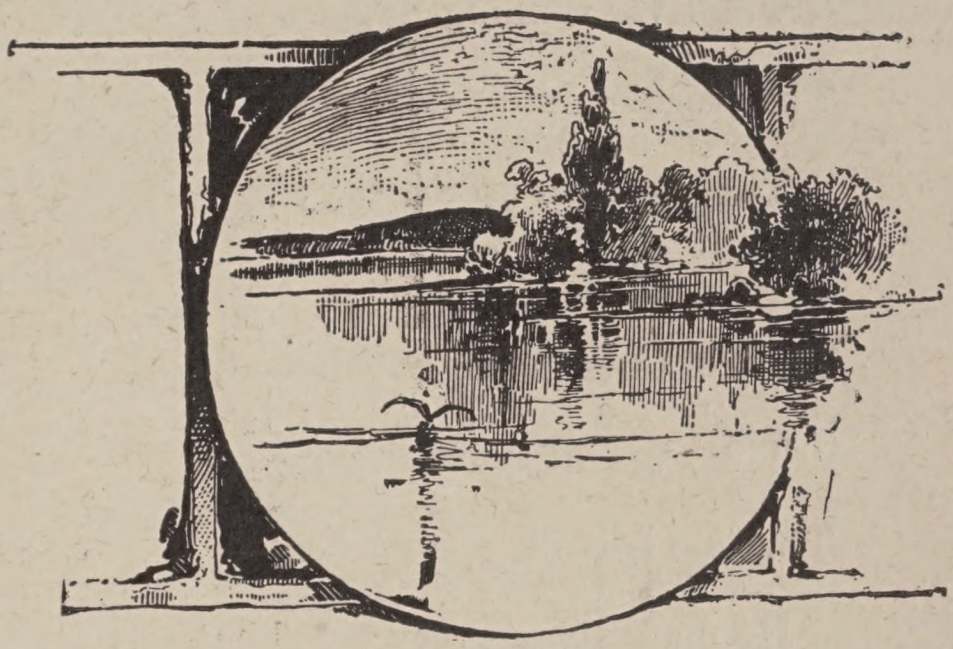
"Oh no! I won't tell.
What is it! Oh dear!
The way that you tell it,
Is really so queer!"

"Oh yes! But have patience,
I'll tell you in time,
But I have to make it
All fit into rhyme.
Now don't tell anybody,
Because if you do,
My secrets the, next time,
I'll not tell to you!"

MASTER BOOZABOO.

Little Master Boozaboo,
When he went a-fishing,
To catch a trout that weighed a ton
Most ardently was wishing.
Little Master Boozaboo,
He waited all the way,
The fishes wagged their tails at him,
Then—swam the other way.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.



All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

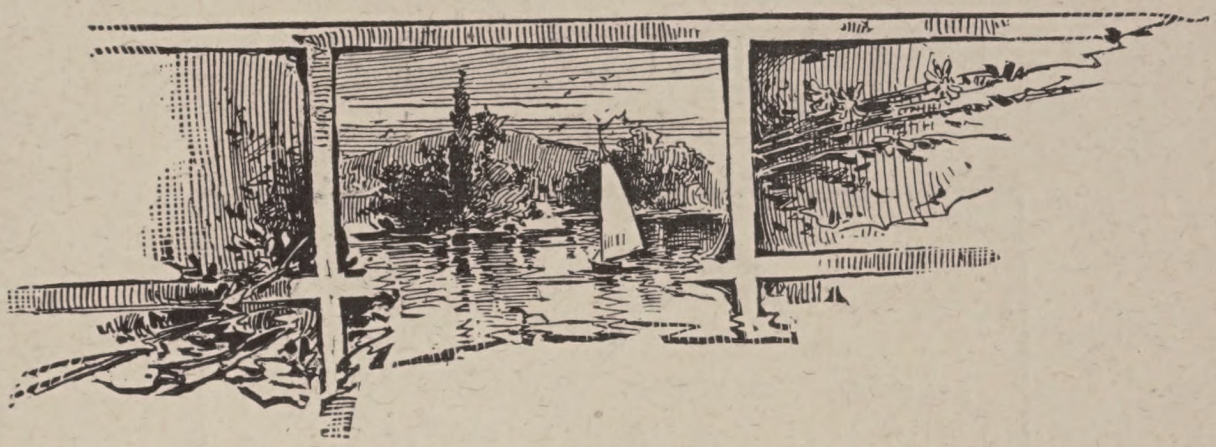
The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips, that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

—*John Keble.*

A SONG.



Sing a song of summer time—
Summer-time so sweet;
Sing a song of daisies fair
Which grow beneath our feet.
Sing a song of flowers rare,
In the meadows growing;
Sing a song of grasses green
In the breezes blowing.

Sing a song of birdies gay
Singing in the trees;
Sing a song of maple-leaves
Swaying in the breeze,
Sing a song of all things bright
With the summer coming,
Birds, and flowers, fragrant air,
And merry bees a-humming.

LITTLE JOHNNIE BROWN.

Little Johnnie Brown
Lives in the town,
He sits in his chair,
Out in the open air,
With a pretty sunshade,
To protect his curly head.
He wants to catch a fish,
At least that's his wish;
With his legs stretched out,
He thinks he'll catch a trout;
But I know what's the matter,
Fishes only live in water.

THE CATTLE IN SUMMER.

When the sun begins to rise
In the ruddy eastern skies,
When from field and grassy steep
Buttercups and daisies peep;
Then the cattle loudly low
From the farm-yard as they go
Glad once more to wander through
Fields and meadows fresh with dew.

When the sun at noon is high,
And no cloud is in the sky,
Then the cattle seek the shade
By the leafy branches made,
Or the grassy streamlet's pool,
With its waters sparkling cool.

SUPPER.

The little birds are flying,
Each to its nesty home,
The light is growing fainter,
Come, little Cecil, come,
'Tis time to have your supper,
Sister Alice has it here.
She will feed you, little brother,
Then rock you, baby dear;
She will sing till you are sleepy,
Sing about all kind of things,
Little boys, and cows, and horses,
And birdies with swift wings.
Of little boats a-sailing
Upon the great wide sea;
Of little dancing fairies,
As tiny as can be;
And then when little Cecil
Has drooped his curly bead,
Gone off to visit Dreamland,
She will put him in his bed.

—Amy Ella Blanchard.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There's music in the air
When the infant morn is nigh,
And faint its blush is seen
In the bright and laughing sky.
Many a harp's ecstatic sound,
With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there,
To the music of the air.

There's music in the air
When the twilight gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As its pensive beauties die.
Then, O! then, the loved ones gone
Make the pure celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there,
In the music of the air.

ONCE WAS A LITTLE HORSE.

There was once a little horse
That daily was the joy
Of a pretty little girl
And a pretty little boy.
But now the little horse
No longer is the joy
Of the pretty little girl
And the pretty little boy.

They could not think alike
About the horse one morn;
One wished to feed him oats
And one to feed him corn.

Then pulled the little girl!
Then pulled the little boy!
And soon their darling horse
Was just a broken toy.

TELL MOTHER.

'Tis wrong, my dear, to do a thing
That mother must not know;—
And when your playmates, old or youug,
Shall tell you this to do,
Leave them at once and quickly come
To your dear Mother's side,
And tell her,—for she'll know what's wrong,
And she will be your guide.

COME HERE, LITTLE ROBIN.

Come here, little Robin, and don't be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here, little Robin, and pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor little thing;
And Pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,
And pick up the crumbs, and don't mind me:

Cold winter is come, but it will not last long,
And summer we soon shall be greeting;
Then remmember, sweet Robin, to sing me a song
In return for the breakfast you're eating.

THE LITTLE LADY.

There's a gentle little girl,
And her name is Mollie Perry;
Thouge her face will beam with joy,
She will never scream when merry.

"SAY PLEASE."

"No, not a bit of breakfast,
For chickens big or small;
Until you ask politely,
No single grain shall fall.

So say Please, if you please,
Any way you want to,
With a cluck, cluck; peep, peep;
Or cock-a-doodle-doo;
With a caw-caw; quack, quack;
Say any one of these;
I am not particular,
If it only means please."

BESSIE'S KISSES.

Kisses, kisses, raining, raining,
On her lips, her cheeks, her brow,
Till she, wearied, "Daughter, darling,
Mamma's had enough for now."
"Ah! but Bessie has so many!"
Naught the pretty prattler daunts;
Mamma pleading, baby shouting,
"Ah! but Bessie's more'n she wants."

LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Eight little girls and boys,
Met one day to play with toys,
And many, many were the joys
They had that day together.

There were Johnnie and Pattie,
Willie and Mattie,
Harry and Polly,
And Dick and little Charlie.

They laughed and talked,
They jumped and walked,
They ran and romped together
All in the summer weather.

HARK! THE PEALING.

Hark the pealing,
Softly stealing,
Evening bell,
Sweetly echoed down the dell.

Welcome, welcome,
Is thy music,
Silv'ry bell,
Sweetly telling day's farewell.

Day is sleeping,
Flowers are weeping
Tears of dew;
Stars are peeping, ever true.

Grove and mountain,
Field and fountain,
Faintly gleam
In the ruddy sunset beam.

BIRDS IN THE WOODLAND.

Birds are in the woodland,
Birds are on the tree,
Merry Spring is coming,
Glad of heart are we.
Then come sportive breezes,
Fields with flowers are gay,
In the woods we're singing,
Thro' the summer day.

Fruits are ripe in Autumn,
Leaves are sear and red,
Then we glean the cornfields,
Thanking God for bread.
Then at last comes Winter,
Fields are cold and lorn,
But there's happy Christmas,
When our Lord was born.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise;
Sleep, pretty loved ones, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Lullaby, Lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep,
You are care, and care must keep,
Sleep, pretty loved ones, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Lullaby, Lullaby.

FIVE LITTLE NIGGERS.

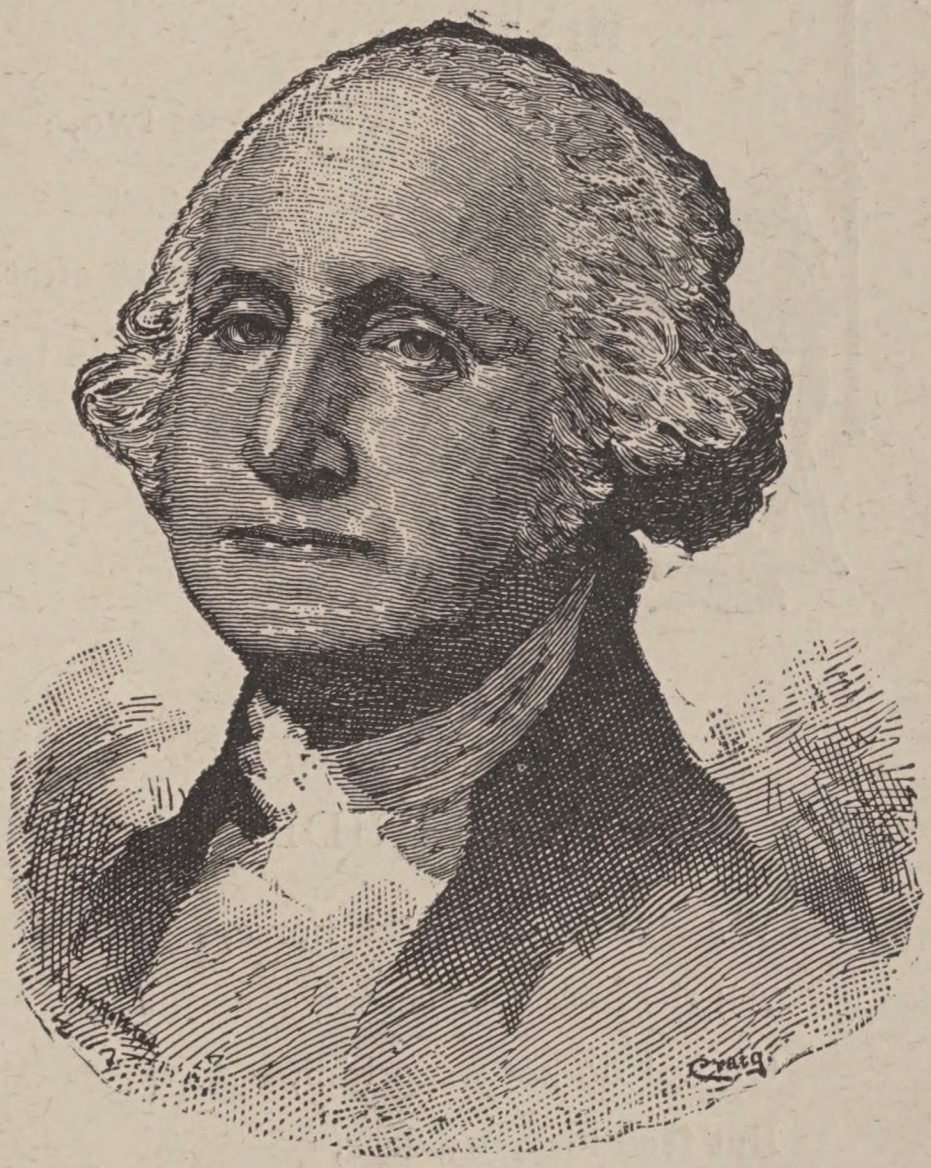
Five happy little niggers,
Bringing in the feast,
Roast beef and boiled beef,
Were the very least.

Many were the good things
All the folks did eat,
The company thought it jolly,
To have so rich a treat.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage shall appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try again:
If we strove, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race,
What should you do in that case,
Try, try again.



GEORGE WASHINGTON,
First President of the United States.

THIS IS A CART.

THIS is a cart,
With horses two,
One comes first
And one comes after,
They're driven in tandem
By their master.

WE WILL RIDE.

We will ride our Jack horse,
All the meadows across,
Oh no! do not whip him,
But feed him, my dear,
A handful of grass
In his mouth as we pass,
Will make him trot gaily,
And give us good cheer.

THE FAIRY RING.

Let us laugh, and let us sing,
Dancing in a merry ring;
We'll be fairies on the green
Sporting round the fairy queen.

Like the seasons of the year,
Round we circle, gladly here;
I'll be Summer, you'll be Spring
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Harry will be Winter wild,
Little Charlie, Autumn mild;
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Faster! faster! round we go,
While our cheeks like roses glow;
Free as birds upon the wing,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

—*Childhood Songs.*

DOT AND TOT.

Dot and Tot must go to school,
There must be no delaying!
The little rogues have really had
Too much of idle playing.
So, now, we'll pack them off to school,
And set them down to book and rule.

Off they go with sober face,
And little hearts half broken,
And many a doleful step they take,
Before a word is spoken;
Then Dot, says she, and Tot, says he,
"I wish big folks would let us be!"

Now school is out, and home the come,
The little man and maiden;
Their eyes are bright, and each wee heart
With happiness is laden.
For Tot and Dot, now school is o'er.
Can go to merry play once more.

TIME DOTH PASS AWAY.

Gather roses while they bloom,
Never lose a day,
Nor in sloth one hour consume,
Time doth pass away.

Now you've opportunity,
Both for work and play;
Where may you to-morrow be?
Time doth pass away.

Men have mourned their whole life through
One good deed's delay;
Do at once what you've to do,
Time doth pass away.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The New World boasts the mocking-bird;
And whether caged or free,
His wondrous voice pours forth in songs
Of rarest melody.

His notes swell out and die away,
As if a joyous soul
Were wrought to highest ecstasy,
All music to control.

His native notes are bold and full,
And then he'll imitate,
Till it would seem the feathered tribe
Were all arrayed in state.

He'll whistle for the dog or cat,—
Will squeak like chicken hurt,—
And cluck and crow and bark and mew,
So comical and curt.

While blue-birds warble, swallows scream,
Or hens will cackle clear.—
In robin's song, the whip-poor-will
Pours forth his plaint so near.

Canaries, hang-birds, nightingales
Her echoes loud and long;
While they stand silent, mortified,
He triumphs in his song.

WHEN THE WINDS ARE BLOWING.

Roses red, and roses white,
Roses all a-growing,
Nodding to my baby bright,
When the winds are blowing.

Little ship upon the sea,
Going, coming, coming,
One will sail to you and me,
When the winds are blowing.

Little stars up in the sky,
Golden twinkles showing,
Clouds will hide them by and by,
When the winds are blowing.

A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCIES.

I think that the world was finished at night,
Or the stars would not have been made;
For they wouldn't have thought of having the light,
If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,
And think perhaps it was day,
And the starry night was only designed
For a little child tired of play.

And I think that an angel, when nobody knew,
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through
From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think *here* of lilies so white,
And such beautiful roses I know;
But I wonder when falling from such a height,
The dear little seeds should grow!

And then, when the face of the angel has turned,
I think that the birds flew by,
Right close to the door where the children go,
And are singing to us the songs they learned
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining below
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin,
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that float in the skies
Are the curtains that *they* drop down,
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know *why* the water was sent,
Unless, perhaps, it might be
God wanted us all to know what it meant
When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

Oh! the world where we live is a lovely place,
But it oftentimes makes me sigh,
For I'm always trying *causes* to trace,
And keep thinking "Wherefore?" and "Why?"

Ah! dear little child, the longing you feel
Is the stir of immortal wings,
But infinite Love one day will reveal
The most hidden and puzzling things.

You have only your duty to try and do,
To be happy, and rest content;
For by being good and by being true
You will find out *all that is meant!*

—*Mrs. L. C. Whiton.*

FLOWERS.

With such a lavish hand
  God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
  Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
  Up in the silent hills,
The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
  Their breath with fragrance fills.

They creep along the hedge,
  They climb the rugged height,
And, leaning o'er the water's edge,
  Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk,
  They pour into my ear,
Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
  A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,
  No choice of regal bower;
The humblest, lowliest spot on earth
  May claim the fairest flower,

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Co' Nan, co' Nan, says little Bo-peep,
Co' Nan, co' Nan, up come the sheep;
They jump the ditch and scale the wall,
Where one sheep goes, they follow, all.

Co' dea', co' dea', says little Bo-peep,
Co' dea', co' dea', I'll shear my sheep;
Their wool so fine will make my coat,
My blankets and my hose to boot.

IN A GARDEN.

Two merry creatures drank their tea
All in a bower in summer weather;
And like two gossips in their glee
They sipped the same blue cup together.
Until one said, "Sweet maid, good day!"
And sailed on yellow wings away.

And then the other wept and said,
"If I were but a butterfly,
My wings of golden gauze I'd spread
And touch the blue walls of the sky!"
But we who watched the merry things
Thanked God that only one had wings.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet named below for the use of his little girl.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year
And oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due—
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.

And oh! preserve my brothers both
From evil doing and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father and our mother.
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

BY THE SEA.

Blue above and blue below;
Seas of sunshine ebbing—flowing;
And the kindest winds that blow
Sails for little folks are blowing.
Come across the sands with me;
Sunshine sends her ships to sea.

Little Sunshine,—so she plays—
Send her ship the blue seas over,
Searching every land, she says,
For rare gifts for those who love her.
What's your wish?—"A quiet mind!"
Ah, 'tis very hard to find.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face,
Like secrets kept for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place;

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

—*E. B. Browning.*

JENNY WREN.

Jenny Wren has built a nest,
Where she always goes to rest,
High up in a tree.
There her little ones do lie,
For they are too young to fly,
One, two, three.

Then the worms that Jenny gets,
For her pretty little pets,
Off the ground she picks;
While those little ones at home,
Wait for her to bring them some,
Four, five, six.

Often they, with open eyes,
Try to catch the little flies,
When the weather's fine;
But if 'tis a rainy day,
Then the flies all fly away,
Seven, eight, nine.

THE SWEETEST MOTHER.

Little Carl was helping mother
  Carry home the lady's basket:
Chubby hands, of course, were lifting
  One great handle—can you ask it?
As he tugged away beside her,
  Feeling, O so brave and strong!
Little Carl was softly singing
  To himself a little song:

"Sometime I'll be tall as father,
  Though I think it's very funny;
And I'll work and build big houses,
  And give mother all the money.
For," and little Carl stopped singing,
  Feeling, O so strong and grand!
"I have got the sweetest mother
  You can find in all the land."

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING.

Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest-they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to penny one,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you, too, that have none,
If you would have them safe aboard,
Pray keep them safe at home.

SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

What if I climbed the mountain tall,
And could see the moon close by?
My papa says it is not so small
As it looks, 'way off in the sky.

Maybe it comes so near, up there,
That it touches the mountain side;
And what if it has a door somewhere?
Then I could get in and ride.

Away I'd go,—'way up in the sky
To the house of the angels, where
All the dear little babies that die
With the white, white angels are.

And then I would coax our Baby May
Into the moon with me,
And we'd sail away, and sail away,
As happy as we could be.

We would reach our hand out either side,
And gather the stars close by;
And, after awhile, the moon would slide,
To the other edge of the sky.

Soon as it reached the mountain there,
We would both get out of the moon,
And call papa, who would know just where
To come, and find us soon.

And then he would see little Baby May,
And would take her upon his arm,
And hold my hand, and we'd walk away
Down the hill to papa's farm.

Then mamma would see us coming, I know,
And run to the gate and say,
"Why, little Sissy! where did you go?"
And then she would see little May,—

And then she would laugh,—O, it makes me cry,
To think how glad she would be!
She would say, "Who has been 'way up in the sky
To get my baby for me?"

"I was little Sissy," papa would say,
"She went in the moon to-night
And found little May, and coaxed her away
From the angels all so white."

Then mamma would kiss me and call me good,
And we'd all go in at the door,
And have some supper; and May never would
Go up in the sky any more.

—*Our Young Folks.*

THE SWEETEST PLACE.

A meadow for the little lambs,
  A honey-hive for bees;
And pretty nests for singing birds
  Among the leafy trees.
There's rest for all the little ones,
  In one place or another,
But who has half so sweet a place
  As baby with her mother?

The little chickens cuddle close
  Beneath the old hen's wing;
"Peep! peep!" they say, "we're not afraid
  Of dai k or anything."
So safe and snug they nestle there,
  The one beside the other,
Bnt safer, happier by far,
  Is baby with her mother.

JACKO AND POLLY.

I've my dog and my dolly,
Called Jacko and Polly.
They're sweet as can be,
And they dearly love me.

When we go to the parks,
Jacks runs and he barks,
And he scares all the boys
With his terrible noise.

My dolly never cries,
Though she has pretty eyes,
And with Jacko and with Polly,
I'm never melancholy.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

A Mother's last good by,
A dear friend's parting sigh,
A message from on High—
"Forget-me-not."

A love which God had blest
A maiden's heart confest—
A soldier's last request—
"Forget-me-not."

A patriot's love of fame,
A sweet familiar strain,
A poet's last refrain—
"Forget-me-not."

A wish all hearts contain,
A voice from o'er the main,
An echo back again—
"Forget-me-not."

—*Adam Craig.*

EVENING HYMN.

The little birds have gone to rest,
Each in its soft and downy nest;
The pretty flowers have shut their eyes;
The stars are twinkling in the skies.

So little folks must say good-night,
And shut their eyes till morning light;
But first our little song we sing,
To God we say our evening hymn.

We thank Thee for our happy day,
Our food, and dress, and merry play;
We thank Thee for our lessons too,
Which teach us what we ought to do.

Oh! listen to our evening prayer;
Of all we fondly love take care,
And little children who are still,
And those who do not know Thy will.

We're sorry when we do not right,
Make us obedient in Thy sight,
And if to-day we have done wrong,
Still listen to our even-song.

And when at morn we safely wake,
May we our little duties take,
And try each glad and happy day
To please Thee in our work and play.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

I've found you, four-leaf clover,
I'll put you in my shoe,
And I shall meet a lover
My Valentine so true.

'TIS NIGHT.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Mild dewdrops are kissing
The bloom-covered lea;
Like plumes gently waving,
The soft zephyrs creep;
The birds are all dreaming,
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Away in the distance,
The stars twinkle free;
O'er all of His creatures,
His watch He will keep,
Who guardeth the sparrows—
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

—*Mary M. Bowen.*

ROGER.

Roger in the corn-patch,
Whistling negro songs,
Pussy by the hearth side,
Romping with the tongs:
Chestnuts in the ashes
Rursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Bustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon,
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

O BLUE BIRD.

O blue-bird up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

—*Susan Hartley Swett.*

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moments power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.

Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessed day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.

Just to recognize its light
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
And we cannot understand,
All that stings,
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

A THOUGHT.

Pansies grow for "thoughts,"
Here is one for you,
Just to let you know
Your little love is true.

JOLLY LITTLE CUPID.

Jolly little Cupid,
Riding on an arrow,
Wouldn't he be stupid
To ride in a wheel-barrow.

Away for his holiday
Where the streamlet flows
He feels so full of fun and gay
As riding off he goes.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

Slowly to school, slowly they went,—
His eyes on his book were downward bent;
She looked on the ground as they went along,
But neither looked willing to sing a song.
She was thinking of pudding and jam!—
He was spelling Seringapatam.
Oh for a kite, or a top, or a ball,
Battlecock, shuttlecock, hoop, and all!

Yes, little girl,
  Out in the wheat,
Daisies are springing
  White as your feet;
Growing for you
  Out in the wheat,
Only because
  You are so sweet.

Yes, little girl,
  Down in the wood,

Violets are blowing
  Blue as your hood;
Blooming for you,
  Down in the wood,
Only because
  You are so good.

Yes, little girl,
  Under the mere,
Lilies laugh up
  Where the water is clear;
Smile up at you
  Under the mere
Only because
  You are so dear.

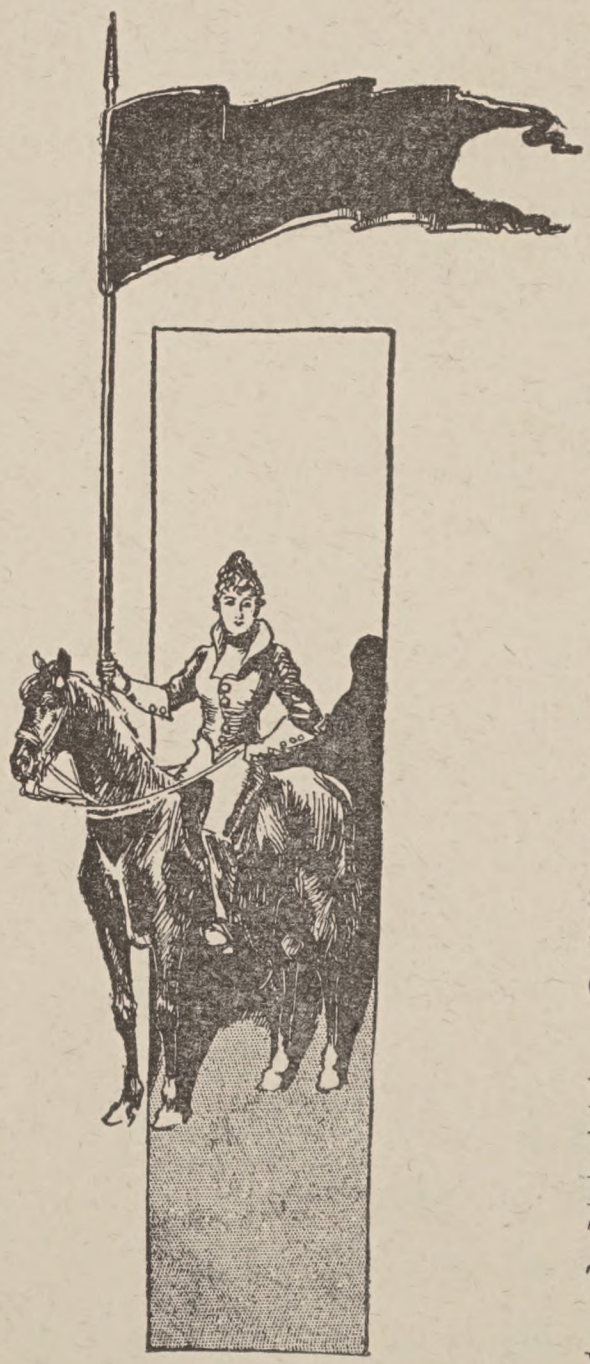
THE PARROT.

HIS is is a parrot
With feathers yellow, red and green,
He will talk and chatter,
And ask you "What's the matter?"
His like was never seen.

FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Tea is prepared from the leaf of a tree;
Honey is gathered and made by the bee.
Butter is made from the milk of the cow;
Pork is the flesh of the pig or the sow.
Oil is obtained from fish and from flax;
Candles are made of tallow and wax.
Worsted is made from wool, soft and warm;
Silk is prepared and spun by a worm.

TWELVE HUNTSMEN.



Twelve huntsmen with horns and hounds,
Hunting over other men's grounds!
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for Spain:
I wish them all safe home again:
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do dot care;
Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with the tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog "Ball,"
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed waddling frog.

LITTLE DOLLIES.

I'm glad you're here with me,
With our dollies you will see,
We will have good times;
And when we have our apples, grapes,
And nuts and eggs and patty-cakes,
Who'll care for silly rhymes!

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

The snow is gently falling
On river, field and lea,
The birds have all gone nesting,
Except the one we see.

He's wandered from his home,
'Way in the storm so black,
I'll not let him go alone,
Until his mother brings him back.

I wish he'd stay right here,
Away from every danger,
I'll give him lots to eat,
The pretty little stranger.

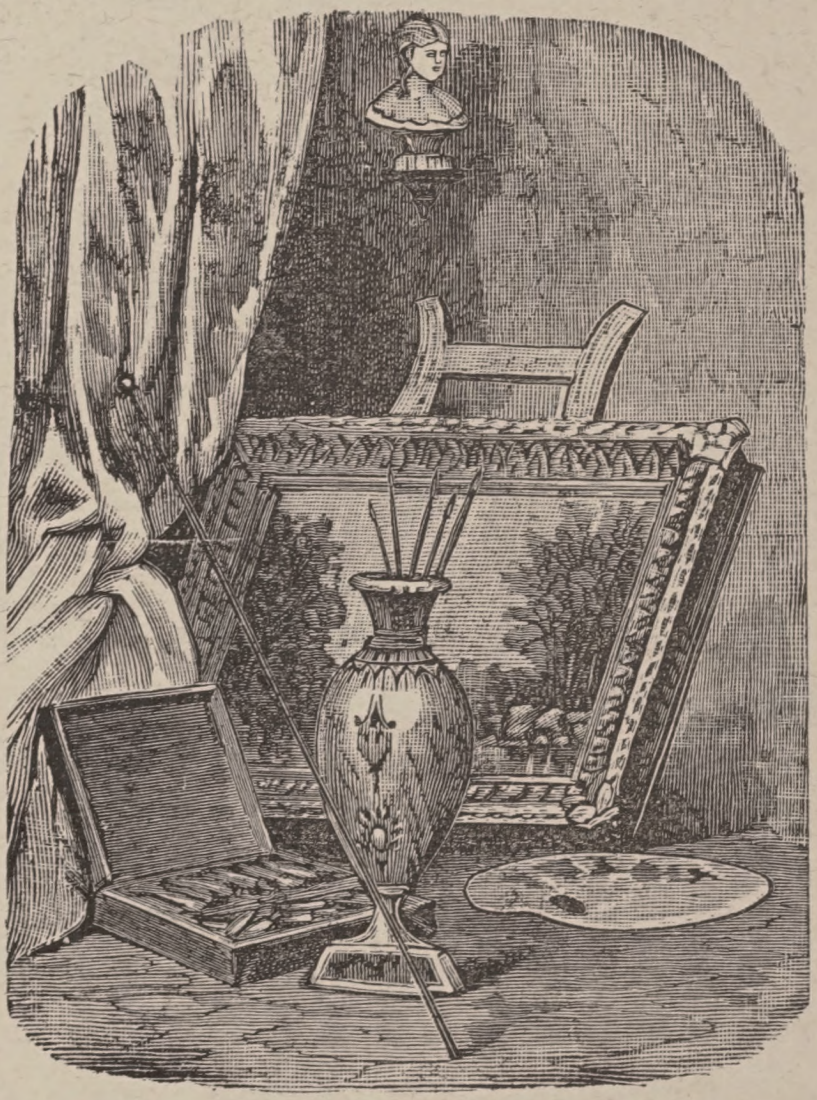
—*Adam Craig.*

GRANDMA'S LESSONS.

"'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin,
Though all be innocent within,"
These little girls heard grandma say,
And wondered if 'twere half in play.
But when they're wiser, older grown,
And when the world to them is known,
They'll learn to shun even seeming ill;
They'll learn with grace their lives to fill,
And thank dear grandma o'er and o'er,
For this, and many lessons more.
"'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin,
Though all be innocent within."

"If you do well by others' ills,
You'll do right well," she said,
When we would come and tell about
The naughtiness of Ned.
"Now children, if you shun the bad
You may in others find,
And never let yourself be rude,
Or naughty, or unkind,
You'll learn to do by others' ills
Right well," dear grandma said,
"And in the way that's good and true,
Your youthful feet shall tread."

THE PAINTER.



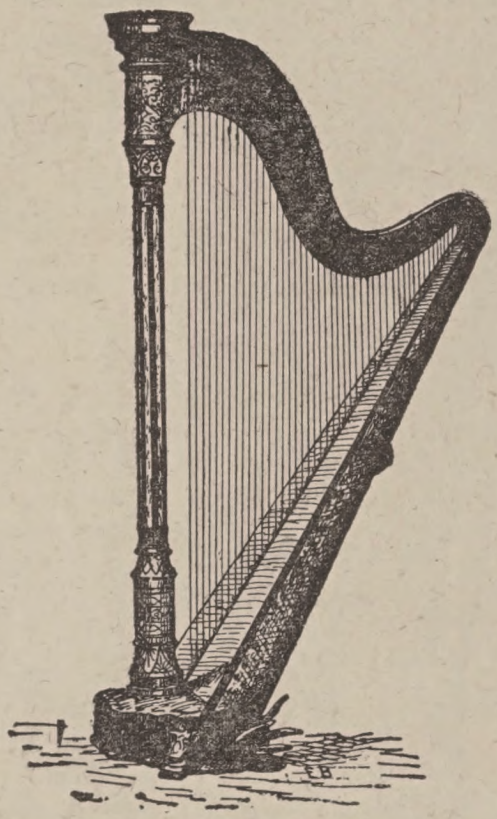
This is the room of the painter,
Adorned with curtains and friezes,
With pictures, and palette and easel,
He thinks and he paints as he pleases.

LITTLE ROVER.

Beg, little Rover!
Beg for your supper,
Jump up, stand up,
You'll get bread and butter.

Beg, little doggie,
There—that's clever!
Here now, catch it!
Now or never!

STRIKE THE HARP.



Strike the harp gently,
Its beautiful tone
Awakens an echo
In hearts that are lone.

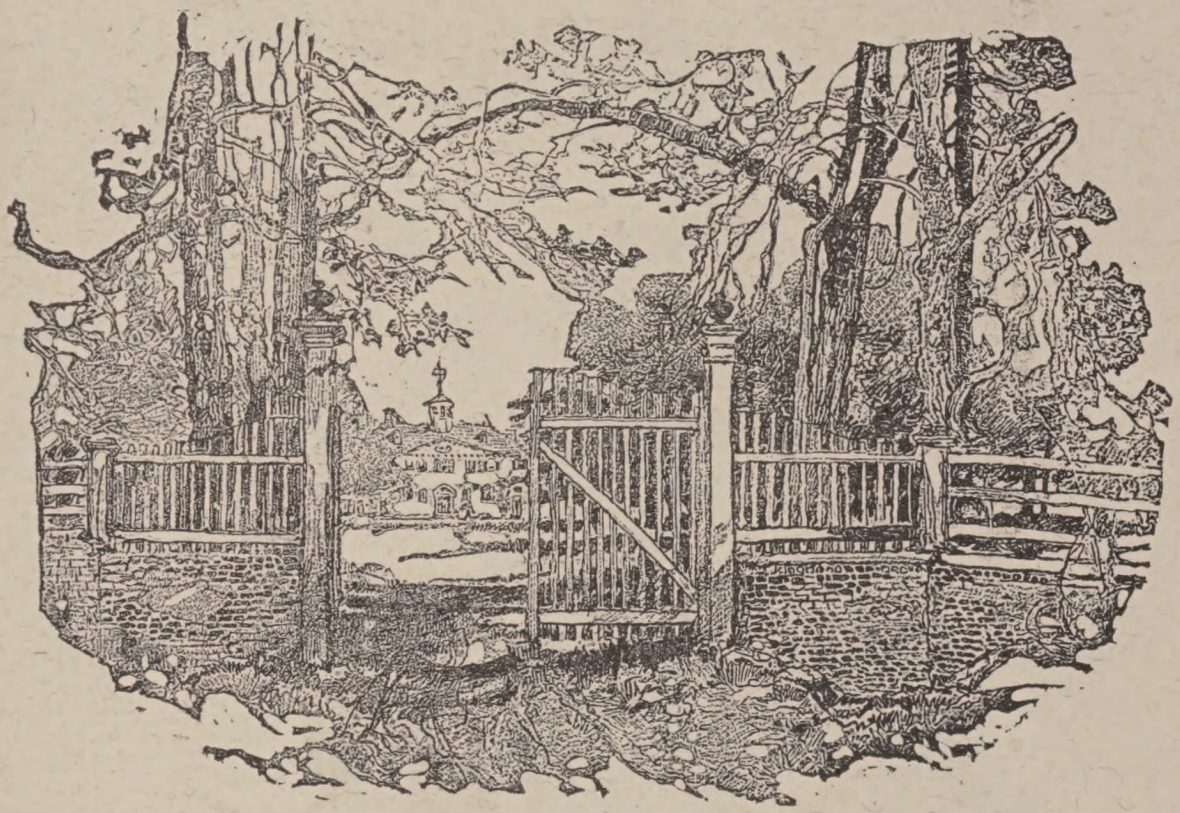
Strike the harp gently,
Its sound is so sweet,
Its melodies cheer us
Wherever we meet.

—*Adam Craig.*

I HAD A LITTLE DOLL.

I had a little doll, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed up the dishes, and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill, to fetch me some flour,
And always got it home in less than half an hour.
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire, and told me a tale.

MAYING.



Oh! who loves May, so sweet and gay?
A long, long way I've been to-day
Over the fields and down the lane,
Into the copse and back again;
Such a scramble, such a scramble,
Catching my dress on a blackberry bramble.
All the merry brown bees were humming,
And all the birdies sang "Whose coming?"
And the butterflies came to my branch of May,
For I've been Queen of the Woods to-day!

THE SOLDIER.

The soldier goes to battle
For home and native land,
Loud roars the cannon's rattle
In the battle where he stands.

Now his charger leaps and prances
'Mid the bullets as they fly,
Yet all must take their chances
In the fight for liberty.

Happy land,—the land of peace,
Where they go no more to fight;
Where strife and fighting cease,
And right is might and light.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Be kind, little children, wherever you go,
To the poor and the aged, for do you not know
The dear, loving Saviour has bidden us share
Our blessings with all who know trouble and care?
Be kind and be thoughtful; make sunshine each day,
For the weary and troubled ones passing your way.
And you may be sure Heaven's blessing will rest
In your own hearts forever, a heavenly guest.

I'VE LOST MY WAY.

I've lost my way,
Why did I stray,
Far from my home
All alone.

Mamma's looking for me,
  Where can she be?
Wish I could find her,
  Or she could find me.

I'll never go again
Down in the lane;
I wish I had my supper,
Or a piece of bread and butter,

THE CHILDREN.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in tneir eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

HARK! TO THE VOICES.

Hark! to the voices of children,
List to their sweet notes of joy,
Hark! while the birds tune their carols
Warbling their songs to the sky!
Song is a gift from the Saviour,
Song is a breath from the throne,
Song is the voice of all Nature
Given by God to His own.

List to the songs from the woodland,
List! to the rustling of leaves,
List! to the rippling of waters
Wafted along on the breeze.
Joy in the lives of His children,
Joy in the heart and the home,
Joy is a stream from the fountain,
Given by God to His own.

—*Adam Craig.*

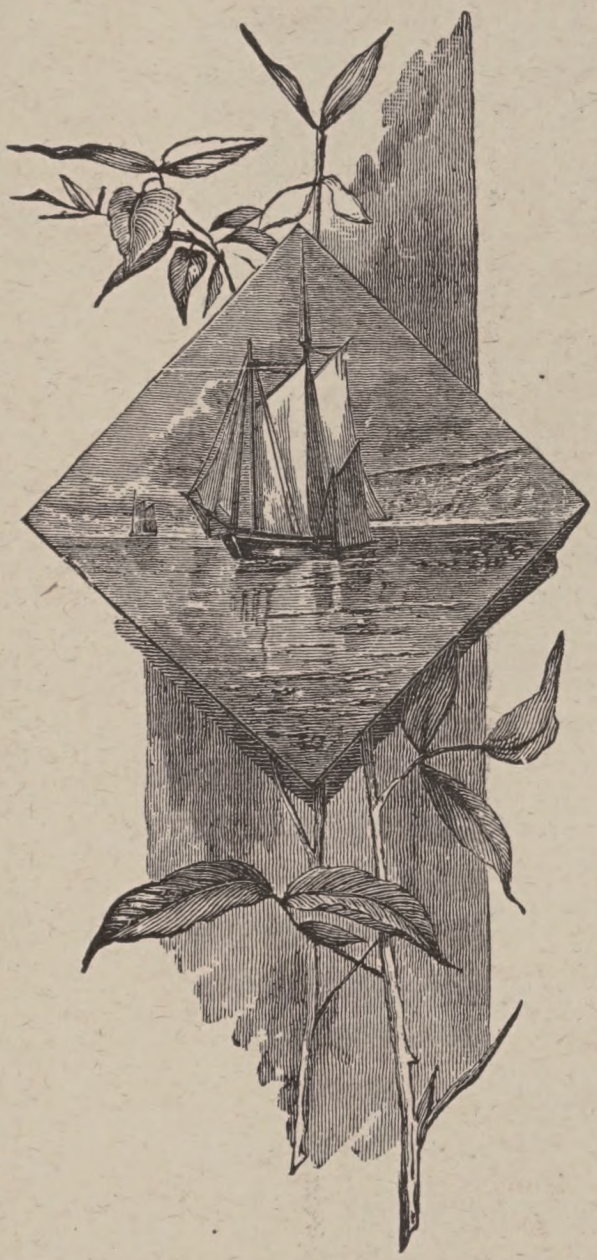
CUPID'S HAPPY BAND.

This is Cupid's happy band,
They love to play and sing,
With trumpet, fiddle, tamborine,
They make the echoes ring.

Happy are the children,
Whose hearts and voices sing
Songs of joy and thankfulness
Unto Christ, their King.

Happy little children,
Happy as you go,
Now and until old age comes,
God can keep you so.

—*Adam Craig.*



WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

"When my ship comes home from sea,
I wonder what 'twill bring to me!"

"Gold and silver, never fear,
And we'll buy some candy then, my dear."

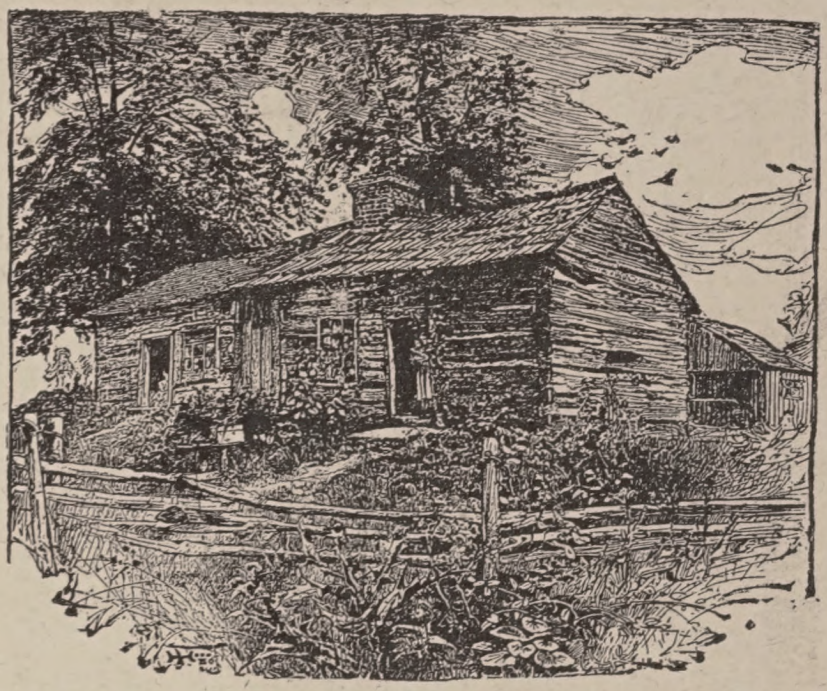
BABY AND FLOWERS.

Some pretty leaves,
A flower or two,
I'll bind together.
Baby, for you.
You are my flower,
The sweetest that grows,
My bud and my blossom,
And beautiful rose.
And you shall twine around
mother's heart,
And nothing shall mother
and baby part.

LITTLE MISS MARY.

Little Miss Mary had a canary,
Dick was his name and of cats he was chary;
So sweetly he sang, and so happy was he
That, never, oh, never tried he to be free.

A WISH.



Mine be a cot beside the hill:
A bee hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown, and apron blue.

—*Samuel Rogers.*

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS.

Two little maidens
Found a little book,
They read it together
In a shady nook.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.

LITTLE CUPID.

Little Cupid has gone for a trip,
And given all the lovers the slip,
He's always so busy, his life is a study,
He makes so many young people giddy.

No wonder he's wearied and tired,
And much in need of a rest,
His labors are trying and hard,
And he's going for an out in the West.

O LITTLE SWALLOW.

All red with joy the waiting west,
O little swallow,
Could thou tell me which road is best
Cleaving high air with thy soft breast
For keel, O swallow,
Thou must o'erlook
My seas, and know if I mistake;
I would not the same harbor make
Which yesterday forsook.

—*H. H.*

IN THE WOOD.

In the wood, where the shadows are deepest
From the branches overhead,
Where the wild-wood strawberries cluster
And the softest moss is spread,
I met to-day with a fairy,
And I followed her where she led.

Some magical words she uttered
I alone could understand,

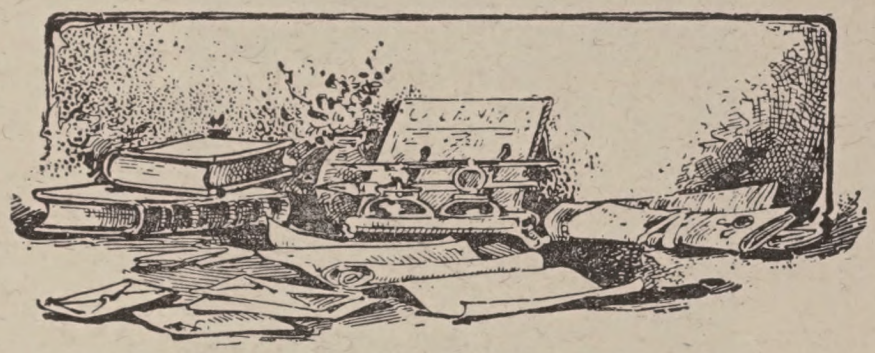
For the sky grew brighter and brighter;
While there rose on either hand
The cloudy walls of a palace
That was built in Fairy-land.

And I stood in a strange enchantment;
I had known it all before;
In my heart of hearts was the magic
Of days that will come no more,
The magic of joy departed
That time can never restore.

That never, ah! never, never,
Never again can be;
Shall I tell you what wonderful fairy
Built up this palace for me?
It was only a little white violet
I found at the root of a tree.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR.



Here sits the Lord Mayor.....*Forehead.*
Here sits his two men .....*Eyes.*
Here sits the cock.....*Right cheek.*
Here sits the hen.....*Left cheek.*
Here sit the little chickens.....*Tip of nose.*
Here they run in.....*Mouth.*
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper,
chin! .....*Chuck the chiu.*

THE CROWN.

This is a crown,
'Tis worn by the queen,
Full of pearls and diamonds
The prettiest ever seen.

PATHLESS FORESTS.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call.
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank thee, O my God!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LITTLE GIRL.

Little girl, little girl,
You tell me,
What's in my hands,
You can't see?

If you tell me,
I'll give you,
Something sweet
And rosy too.

Don't cry, little girl,
You can't see,
But there's an apple
Ripe from the tree.

THE SHEEP.

Baa! baa! black sheep,
Baa! baa! baa!
Baa! baa! white sheep,
Baa! baa! baa!

Baa! baa! little lambs,
Bleating together,
You should be inside the fold
In such stormy weather.

We are very happy
Sporting together,
Up the hill and down again
Chasing each other.

FLYING.

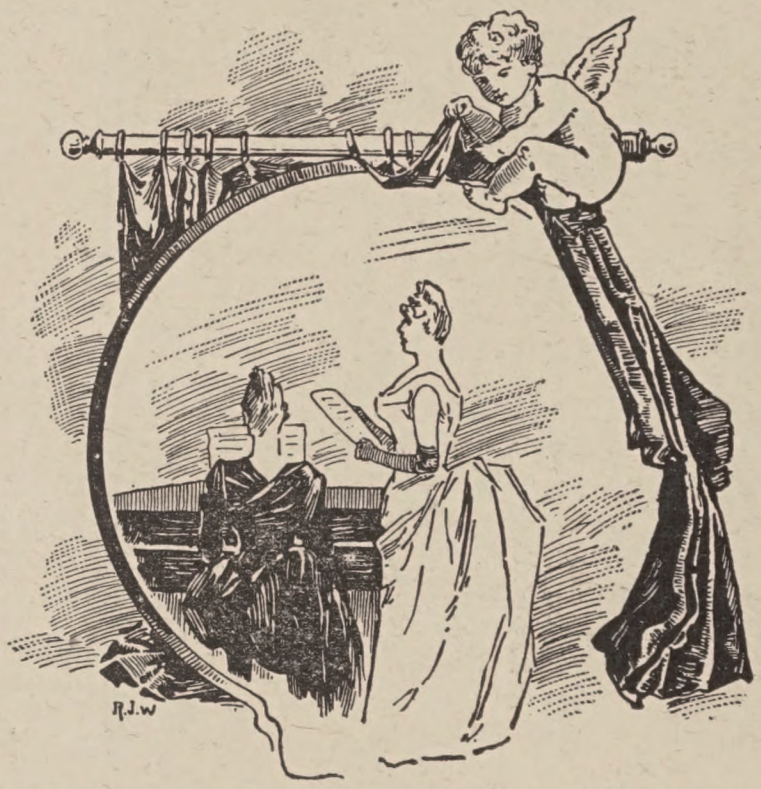
Flying, flying—
I watch the swallows flying,
Flitting south before November's snows,
Leaving the delaying leaves a-dying,
Broken-hearted for the buried rose.

Follow, follow,
Everything must follow:—
Even the memory of the summer dies,
Follow, follow; good-bye happy swallow,
Flying southward as the summer dies.

—*E. K. Hutchinson.*

THERE IS IN SOULS A SYMPATHY WITH SOUNDS
R.J.W.

SINGING IN THE PARLOR.



Singing in the parlor,
Singing in the street,
Singing in the schoolroom,
Singing when we meet.

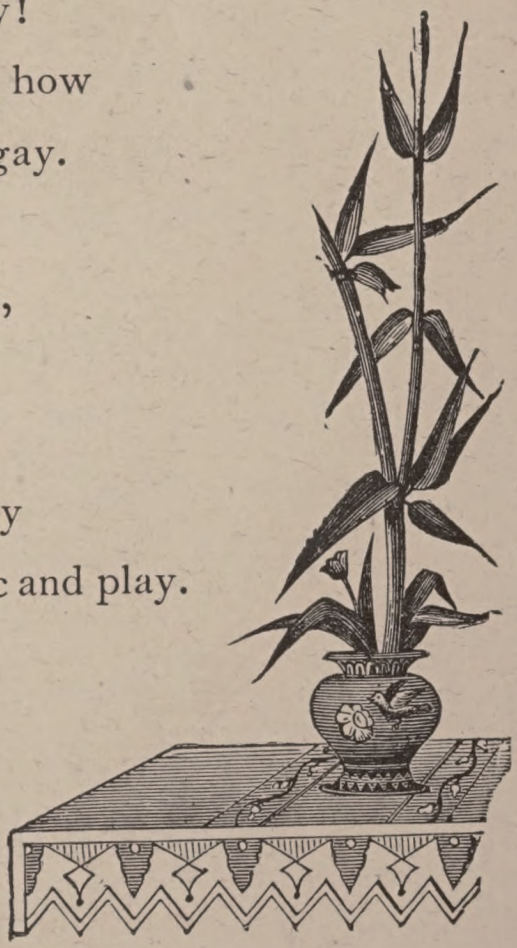
Singing in the morning,
Singing from the heart,
Singing when the daylight's gone,
Singing when we part.

A DAY'S FROLIC.

In the meadows at play,
On a summer's day!
O! *children* know how
To be happy and gay.

The skies are so blue,
And their hearts are so true,
They're sure to be happy
Whatever they do.

And O! it is fun on a beautiful day
To go out to the meadows to frolic and play.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little boy blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow
And the cows are in the corn.

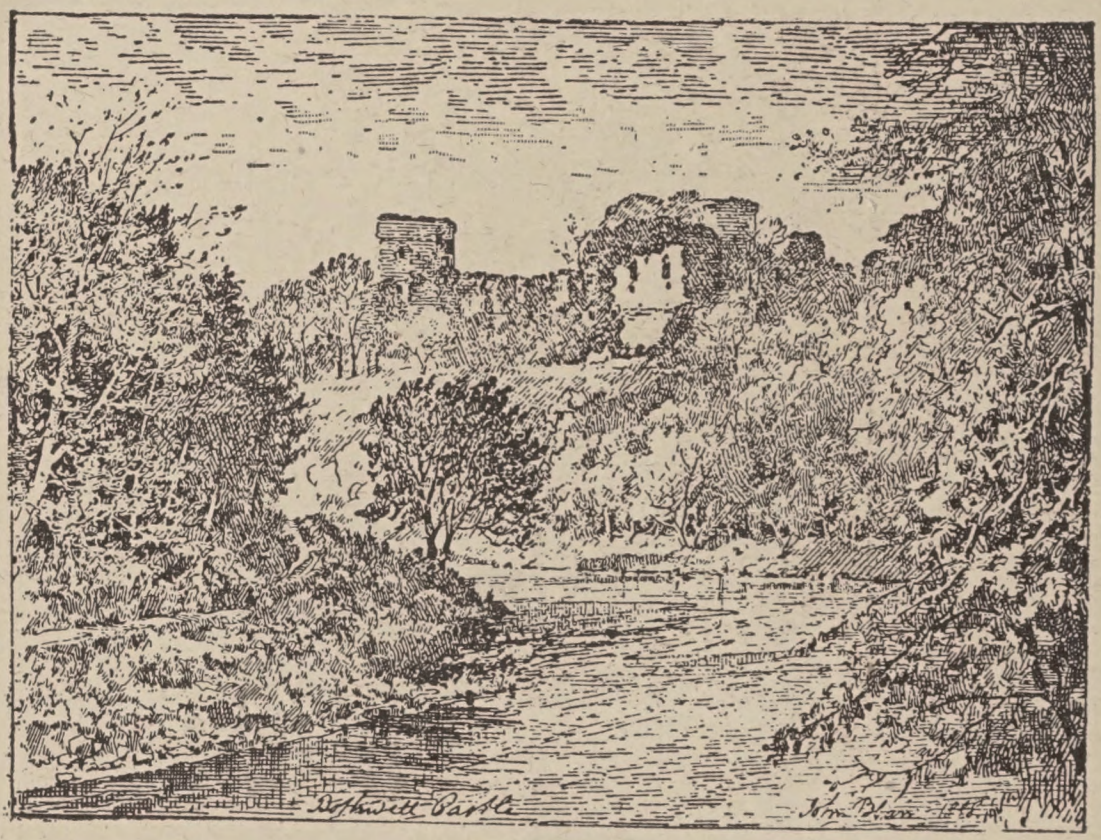
Little boy blue
Come drive them together,
Your father he's awaiting,
Out in the stormy weather.

Little boy blue.
Come put them in the barn,
Away from every danger,
Safe from any harm.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward beaming bright;
So, most gracious lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

SPRING GREETING.



All faintly through my soul to-day,
As from a bell that far away
Is tinkled by some frolic fay,
Floateth a lovely chiming.
Though magic bell to many a fell
And many a winter saddened dell
Thy tongue a tale of spring doth tell,
Too passionate sweet for rhyming.

WINTER.

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
Shadows come and go
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Twinkling through the snow.
Mother's knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball,
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

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As fades
the old
ring in the new.

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